The Spectre of Lanyon Moor

[Part One]

SCRYFAN: Landing ground to survey unit. Emergency take-off procedure initiated. Request position. Where are you, Sancreda?
SANCREDA [OC]: Scryfan, I am collecting samples in the third quadrant of sector nineteen.
SCRYFAN: Sector nineteen?
(Wolf howls.)
SCRYFAN: What was that?
SANCREDA [OC]: Primitive indigenous scavengers. A pack of the creatures has been circling me for most of the day.
SCRYFAN: Sancreda, it is imperative you return to the ship immediately. Meteorological conditions are deteriorating rapidly. We are under orders to return to the fleet at once.
SANCREDA [OC]: There have been storms before.
SCRYFAN: It is not a matter for discussion, Sancreda. The flagship has initiated automatic recall. The survey vessel is preparing for lift-off now, and I cannot halt the process. Return at once. Initiate immediate telekinetic transfer.
SANCREDA [OC]: Very well, Scryfan.
(Wolf growls, Sancreda cries out. Energy weapon fire.)
SCRYFAN: Sancreda. Sancreda, respond. What is happening?
SANCREDA [OC]: I, I, I am attacked.
SCRYFAN: Are you wounded?
SANCREDA [OC]: A superficial lesion, nothing more. There is some loss of blood.
(Wolves snarling.)
SCRYFAN: Then it can be attended to when we have rejoined the fleet. Sancreda, you must return to the vessel at once. Countdown is commencing.
SANCREDA [OC]: I, I cannot, I cannot achieve telekinetic transfer.
SCRYFAN: What? How can that be? Check your focusing amplifier.
SANCREDA [OC]: Scryfan, it is lost! The creatures have torn it from me.
SCRYFAN: Then you must run. Run for the ship.
(Hydraulics.)
SCRYFAN: We are preparing for lift-off.
SANCREDA [OC]: Very well. It will take more than a few primitive carnivores to stop me.
COMPUTER: Automatic recall sequence initiated. Countdown to ignition in T minus fifteen seconds and counting. Fourteen. Thirteen, Twelve.
(Meanwhile, panting, Sancreda crying out and shooting his energy weapon, wolves snarling.)
SANCREDA [OC]: Postpone the countdown! I am nearly there.
SCRYFAN: Sancreda, where are you? I cannot override the recall procedure.
SANCREDA [OC]: Scryfan, do not leave! Do not abandon me!
COMPUTER: Four. Three. Two. One. Ignition.
(Craft lifts off.)
SANCREDA [OC]: Scryfan, you have deserted me!
SCRYFAN: Farewell, my brother.
SANCREDA: No! No, do not leave! Noooooo! (merges into wolves howling and wind blowing.)

(The Tardis materialises. Pheasants call. Tardis door opens, splash.)
EVELYN: Oh, marvellous.
DOCTOR [OC]: What's it like?
EVELYN: You could have picked a better spot. We're up to our necks in wet bracken.
DOCTOR: I expect you'll be needing a mackintosh, then.
EVELYN: (laughs) Thanks. Another highly desirable holiday destination, I see.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, I didn't choose to materialise here
EVELYN: (sotto) Now why doesn't that surprise me?
DOCTOR: Some external force interfering with the orientation circuits. We've been drawn off course.
EVELYN: I've heard that one before.
DOCTOR: Still, I rather like the look of it here.
EVELYN: Oh yes, terrific. The ideal place for you to recover from your cold. It's wet, it's foggy,

and it definitely isn't the Galapagos Islands. We're probably in the middle of post-apocalypse Bromsgrove in the ninety fifth century, if this is Earth at all.
DOCTOR: Of course it's Earth. Nowhere else in the cosmos has the same October mornings. And listen. There you are, a pheasant.
EVELYN: Hmm. Oh, come on, then. Let's get out of the bracken at any rate.
DOCTOR: That's the spirit. We'll try this way.
EVELYN: Why not? It looks by far the muddiest.
(Squelch, rustle. Doctor making effort.)
DOCTOR: There we are. What did I say?
EVELYN: What did you say?
DOCTOR: Down there in the valley. I can see a church tower. Looks like a village.
EVELYN: All right, Doctor, you win.
DOCTOR: I expect this is a bridle path. It can't be more than a couple of miles. Come on, we'll be there in time for breakfast.
(Splash. Evelyn cries out.)
DOCTOR: And watch out for that puddle.
EVELYN: Oh, honestly, couldn't we just for once arrive somewhere in the middle of summer?
DOCTOR: Shh.
EVELYN: What?
(Growling.)
DOCTOR: There's something on the path ahead of us. When I give the word, back up the hill to the Tardis, all right?
EVELYN: Right.
(Dogs bark. A woman calls out.)
MOYNIHAN: (distant) Buster! Buster! Ben! (approaching) Heel, sir. Buster. Quiet, boy.
DOCTOR: Good morning.
MOYNIHAN: Oh, good morning to you. I say, early birds, eh? Going to see the fogou?
(So we're in Cornwall, then.)
EVELYN: The what?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, that's right. I hear it's a particularly fascinating example.
MOYNIHAN: They do say so. Well, fork left just down there and then it's up the hill in front of you. (dogs bark) Buster.
DOCTOR: And this path goes straight on down to er
MOYNIHAN: Pengriffen? Yes. Straight down the path and it comes out behind the school. Golly gosh, don't tell me you've yomped all the way over the hill from Tremayne?
EVELYN: Yes, that's right. Nothing like a jolly old yomp before breakfast.
MOYNIHAN: My thoughts entirely. Well, good day. (walks off) Buster, stop that. Ben! Goodbye.
DOCTOR: Goodbye.
(Walking, or rather, squelching.)
EVELYN: All right, Doctor. I admit it's Earth. No other planet could produce more than one Joyce Grenfell.
DOCTOR: I can do better than that. We're in England. Cornwall to be precise. Probably west of the river Fal.
EVELYN: How on Earth could you know that?
DOCTOR: Pengriffen? Tremayne?
EVELYN: Oh, I get it. By Tre, Pol and Pen, ye shall know Cornishmen.
DOCTOR: That's right. Ancient Cornish prefixes.
EVELYN: Not exactly cast iron evidence.
DOCTOR: True, but then there's the fogou.
EVELYN: Yes, I was going to ask you about that. Some sort of ancient monument, is it?
DOCTOR: And an unusual one at that. A fogou is an underground passage built by Iron Age man. They're unique to the far west of Cornwall.
EVELYN: Not *my* period at all. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Mmm?
EVELYN: How is it, when you've been to so many planets in so many different galaxies, you always seem to know more about *this* one than I do?
DOCTOR: I suppose I just read a lot of history books.
EVELYN: (laughs) You rotter.
(Stop walking.)
DOCTOR: Ah, here we are. Fork in the track. Fogou up there.

EVELYN: And breakfast down there.
DOCTOR: Ooo, let's have a quick look, shall we? I haven't seen a decent Cornish fogou for centuries.
EVELYN: Same here. All right, come on then. Just a quick look, then it's straight back down the hill for scrambled eggs on toast.
DOCTOR: I promise.
EVELYN: Is that it?
DOCTOR: Is what it?
EVELYN: Up there. There's a sort of mound on the ridge of the hill.
DOCTOR: Oh yes. No, no, that's not it. That's a neolithic tumulus.
EVELYN: Oh, of course it is. So where's the, what's it called again?
DOCTOR: Fogou.
EVELYN: Fogou. Where's the fogou?
DOCTOR: They're not always that easy to spot. They tend to ah ha! Got it.
EVELYN: Where?
DOCTOR: (walking) Over here. Come on.
EVELYN: (sotto) Oh, splendid. More bracken.

(Typing.)
LUDGATE: There it is again.
(Door opens. A Welshman speaks.)
MORGAN: Ah, Mister Ludgate. Still enjoying the new toy?
(Door closes. Geiger counter heard.)
LUDGATE: It's responding again, Professor. Definitely some sort of electrical activity up on the moor.
MORGAN: The only electrical activity around here takes place in your overheated brain, Mister Ludgate. One day you'll resign yourself to the plain fact that ninety nine percent of archaeological work is carried out not with a computing machine but with a trowel. Now, I want some coffee. Where's Mrs Moynihan?
LUDGATE: She's out walking the dogs.
MORGAN: Oh, hell's bells. It's rank mutiny. Everyone's deserting their posts. I don't suppose the Brigadier has put in an appearance this morning?
LUDGATE: Not yet. Er, Professor?
MORGAN: (sighs) Yes, what do you want? You always want something when you start with er, Professor.
LUDGATE: It's these reading. If you don't mind, I think I'll just nip out with some of the portable gear and see if I can make any sense of things up at the digs.
MORGAN: (scoffs) The day we make any sense of things on this survey is the day I get my knighthood. Yes, fine, off you go. I'll stay here and take any messages while you're all out.
LUDGATE: Thanks, Professor. I'll only be twenty minutes.

DOCTOR: Well, what do you think?
EVELYN: It's rather impressive. Shine your torch up there again.
DOCTOR: Look at the craftsmanship. See how the walls are corbelled upwards to meet the roof slabs?
EVELYN: So this would be Celtic, would it?
DOCTOR: Hmm, that's right. About the first century BC.
EVELYN: Amazing really, isn't it? People think of the Celts as being not more than cavemen.
DOCTOR: Coo, nothing primitive about Celtic society. They were a highly sophisticated civilisation.
EVELYN: Tin miners, weren't they?
DOCTOR: Well, tin streamers, to be pedantic. Here in Cornwall they controlled an international industry with customers stretching right down to the Mediterranean. Not that it *was* Cornwall at the time, of course. The Greeks called it Belerion.
EVELYN: So that tumulus on the hill, that's presumably a lot older.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, yes. That's a chambered tomb from the New Stone Age. Probably already disused two and a half thousand years before the fogou was built. If you think about it, there's as great a gap between them as there is between this fogou and the Sydney Opera House.
EVELYN: What's it for?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, nobody's quite certain. The original idea was to stage operas there, but

nowadays it's just used for photo opportunities by the New South Wales Tourist Board.
EVELYN: (laughs) Not the Sydney Opera House, you clot, this.
DOCTOR: Ah. Well, likewise, nobody really knows. There's a theory that they were used for storing grain.
EVELYN: Seems an awful lot of trouble to go to just for that.
DOCTOR: True, but some archaeologists think that fogous were also used as defensive stockades. Others believe they had some sort of religious significance. The truth is, we'll probably never know. Maybe I'll go back some time and find out. Fancy a look inside?
EVELYN: Why not?

(Distant door opens and closes.)
MORGAN: At last. Mrs Moynihan, what kept you?
(Door opens.)
MORGAN: Oh, I beg your pardon. Good morning, Brigadier.
(Door closes.)
BRIGADIER: Good day, Professor Morgan.
MORGAN: I was er hoping you might put in an appearance this morning. The thing is, we're even more short-staffed than usual today, and I've got quite a backlog to get through.
BRIGADIER: Oh, don't you worry on my account, Professor. I won't be getting in your way.
MORGAN: Well, er, no, as a matter of fact, I was wondering whether or not you might be able to lend me a hand with some classification work until Mister Ludgate gets back.
BRIGADIER: If that's what you'd like, I'd be only too delighted, Professor, although I should warn you I'm no kind of expert.
MORGAN: That's quite all right. I, I just want to you sort things into cardboard boxes according to my instructions.
BRIGADIER: In that case, Professor Morgan, I'm your man.
MORGAN: Thank you very much, Brigadier. What with our resident whizz kid intent on dragging us into the computer age, and that idiot Leamington-Smith swanning off to Princeton to read his paper at the megalithic symposium, it's a great relief to find someone who's actually prepared to do what I say.
BRIGADIER: Well, Professor, where do we start?
MORGAN: Pottery fragments from site thirty three. Six trays marked A to F. You with me so far?
BRIGADIER: I'll tell you when you're going too quickly for me.
MORGAN: Good man.
BRIGADIER: Incidentally, where's Mrs Moynihan? No, don't tell me. Walking the dogs.
MORGAN: How did you guess?
BRIGADIER: No chance of a cup of coffee then.

EVELYN: How far back does this thing go?
DOCTOR: (distant) Some of them extend a good fifty or sixty feet.
EVELYN: Hang on, come back with the torch. I can't see where I'm treading.
DOCTOR: (distant) Oh, it's all right, the floor's level.
(Bump!)
DOCTOR: (distant) Ow! The ceiling gets a bit lower along here, though.
EVELYN: Hey, come back here a moment. I think I've found a fossil or something.
DOCTOR: What sort of fossil?
EVELYN: Well, I don't know until you point the torch at it. Oh, it's just a funny shaped pebble.
DOCTOR: Let me see that. Hmm.
EVELYN: Do you think it's man-made?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Pebbles don't usually have holes in them do they? I'd hang on to that one if I were you.
EVELYN: Oh, all right. (zip sound) So, what's at the end of the tunnel?
DOCTOR: If I knew the answer to that sort of question, I think on the whole I'd get into a lot less trouble. But as far as fogous are concerned, the tunnel is usually all there is. There's often a secondary passage leading off at right angles. Ah, there we are.
EVELYN: Hey, what was that? Shine it there again. See? There's a figure carved in the lintel.
(Whispering sound.)
DOCTOR: Fascinating. Some sort of protective deity, perhaps.
EVELYN: Either that or an Iron Age mind your head sign.
DOCTOR: One or the other.

EVELYN: He's got a tail!
DOCTOR: So he has.
LUDGATE [OC]: Hey, you! What are you doing in there?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Oh, hello, sounds like we're not welcome. (loud) Just having a look around.
LUDGATE [OC]: Well, come out of there. It's not safe.
DOCTOR: Not safe? Nonsense. It's been here for centuries.
EVELYN: Oh, come on, Doctor. Let's do as he says.

LUDGATE: Here, take my hand.
EVELYN: That's very kind of you, er?
LUDGATE: Philip. Philip Ludgate.
EVELYN: That's very kind of you, Philip.
LUDGATE: Well, that settles it. I told the Professor we should have put up some sort of warning sign.
DOCTOR: I don't know what you think is so dangerous, young man. Hello? You're getting some very high readings, Mister Ludgate.
LUDGATE: My point exactly.
DOCTOR: Seven point four. That's most unusual for a granite upland.
LUDGATE: You're familiar with geo-electrical isography?
DOCTOR: Oh, I get by.
LUDGATE: Look, why don't you both come down to the Institute? Have you had breakfast yet?
EVELYN: No, we haven't. What Institute would that be?
LUDGATE: It's where I work. Lanyon Moor Archaeological Institute. Nowhere near as grand as it sounds, I'm afraid.
DOCTOR: You're an archaeologist.
LUDGATE: Certainly am. Or at least I will be, once I've finished my Ph.D. I'm modern archaeology's antidote to the old trowel scrapers.
DOCTOR: Indeed? Well, Mister Ludgate, I should very much like to see your Institute, and if possible meet the old trowel scrapers for myself.
EVELYN: Did you say Lanyon Moor?
LUDGATE: That's right. New to the area?
EVELYN: You could say that.
LUDGATE: Well, all of this is Lanyon Moor, right across to Tremayne five miles that-a-way. It was occupied by early man right from the time of the first Neolithic settlers.
DOCTOR: I see.
LUDGATE: Anyway, the Institute's this way. We're barracked up in an old gamekeeper's lodge about half a mile down the hill.
DOCTOR: Lead the way, Mister Ludgate. Come on, Evelyn, keep up.
EVELYN: (sotto) Lanyon Moor. Where have I heard that before?

MORGAN: And finally Romano-British. At a stab, circa AD 100. So, tray D for that one, thank you, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Glad to be of service, Professor.
MORGAN: Right, now I've got some fascinating lumps of rusty metal for you to look at.
(Dogs barking.)
MOYNIHAN: Good morning, gentlemen.
MORGAN: Mrs Moynihan, thank heavens. You see before you two dying men. A large pot of strong coffee at your earliest convenience, if you please.
MOYNIHAN: Golly Moses, if you men can't even put the kettle on by yourselves, how are you going to cope while I'm away?
MORGAN: Oh, don't worry, I'm sure Mister Ludgate is as proficient with a cafetière as he is with a computer. Er, Mrs Moynihan, I'm sure we all adore the delightful mutts, but you really must keep them out of here. I've got valuable specimens arranged all over the place. Get off my leg, you
(Growls.)
MOYNIHAN: Buster! Buster, down. Bad boy. There we are, you see? What a lot of fuss about nothing. One pot of coffee coming up. Come on, Buster, through here. Away from the nasty man, yes.
(Door closes.)
MORGAN: Strangle those little blighters one day, I swear it.

(Door opens.)
MOYNIHAN: I heard that. There's somebody here to see you, Professor Morgan.
FLINT: Professor.
(Door closes.)
MORGAN: Ah, Sir Archibald. Good morning. You know the Brigadier, don't you?
FLINT: Yes, we've met. Morning, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Morning, sir.
MORGAN: Have a seat, if you can find one amongst the wreckage. Now, to what do we owe this honour?
FLINT: Oh, I just thought I'd drop by and see how things are going. Any news on the Spectre of Lanyon Moor?
BRIGADIER: The what?
MORGAN: He means these electrical discharges the boy keep picking up on his ground survey, Brigadier. No, I'm afraid you've come at the wrong time, Sir Archibald. At this very moment, Mister Ludgate is out there on the moor gathering evidence for his increasingly deranged theories. He has been gone nearly half an hour, so I expect by now he'll have spotted a swarm of UFOs, discovered the Loch Ness monster and solved the mysteries of the pyramids.
FLINT: Do I detect a hint of scepticism?
MORGAN: Well really, for someone who calls himself a scientist, that young man is one of the most credulous characters I've ever come across.
FLINT: I'm not so sure, Professor. I think we can all learn a great deal from the new methods. Who knows? This electrical business might have something to do with, I don't know, precious metals buried the ground, or magnetism, or something. Not a boffin myself, as you know, but I'm prepared to give the boy a fair hearing.
BRIGADIER: You could give him a hearing now, if you like, sir. He's coming up the back path.
FLINT: Who the devil's that with him? Tall fellow with the most extraordinary coat. He's got rather a handsome lady with him as well.
MORGAN: More waifs and strays, no doubt.
FLINT: I hope you don't include me in that category, Professor.
(Back door opens. Faint voices.)
MORGAN: Of course not, Sir Archibald. No, you're always welcome here.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Thank you. Hello, everyone. I can smell coffee.
LUDGATE: Um, er, allow me to introduce the er
DOCTOR: Brigadier!
LUDGATE: Oh. Have you two met before?
DOCTOR: We most certainly have. Lethbridge-Stewart, you old rogue, how are you?
BRIGADIER: I'm extremely well, thank you.
DOCTOR: You know who I am?
BRIGADIER: To judge by the clothes, the unexpected arrival, and the manner of your greeting, I can only conclude that I know *exactly* who you are. I take it there's a Police Box somewhere in the vicinity?
DOCTOR: You're getting better at this, aren't you, Brigadier?
BRIGADIER: Well, I've had some experience, haven't I. It's good to see you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What are you doing here?
BRIGADIER: All in good time. Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm so sorry. Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, allow me to
EVELYN: Evelyn Smythe. Delighted to meet you.
BRIGADIER: The pleasure's mine, Miss Smythe. Or is it Mrs Smythe?
EVELYN: It's Doctor Smythe, actually, but you don't have to call me that.
MORGAN: Oh, both of you Doctors, eh?
LUDGATE: Oh, Doctor, this is Professor Morgan, head of the Institute.
DOCTOR: Delighted to meet you, Professor.
MORGAN: Likewise, I'm sure. A doctor of what, if I may make so bold?
DOCTOR: Oh, this and that. Mostly that, you know? Just at the moment I'm very interested in fogous. We were exploring yours when we met your colleague here.
FLINT: Since we're making introductions, I'm Flint.
LUDGATE: I'm so sorry, Sir Archibald. I didn't see you there.
FLINT: That's quite all right, young man.
BRIGADIER: Doctor, Evelyn, this is Sir Archibald Flint, thirteenth Baronet of Pengriffen.

FLINT: Charmed, Doctor Smythe. Er, didn't catch your name, Doctor er?
EVELYN: Are you an archaeologist too, Sir Archibald?
FLINT: Good Lord, no. No, to resort to a current vulgarity, I am the money.
MORGAN: Sir Archibald owns Pengriffen Manor and most of the moorland round here. Not only has he very kindly let us use this lodge as our premises, but he's also funded most of our work for the past six months.
LUDGATE: We only get a tiny grant, you see. We're very lucky to have a benefactor like Sir Archibald right on our doorstep.
FLINT: Always delighted to assist a committed cause, gentlemen, you know that. I'm only sorry you haven't found anything terribly interesting on your dig. Well, just a passing visit. I must press on. I'll see myself out. Good day to you all.
(Footsteps recede.)
MORGAN: Good day to you, Sir Archibald. Always good to see you.
EVELYN: He seems very nice.
LUDGATE: Bit of a funny old buffer is Archie, but we wouldn't be here without him.
EVELYN: Was it right, what he said?
LUDGATE: About what?
EVELYN: That you haven't found anything terribly interesting.
MORGAN: I'm afraid so, Doctor Smythe. Plenty of standard fare, all good stuff for the county museum, but nothing that's likely to set the academic world ablaze.
DOCTOR: Oh, on the contrary, Professor. I think this may yet prove to be one of the most fascinating surveys ever undertaken.
MORGAN: Indeed? And what makes you say that?
DOCTOR: Well, for one thing, the contents of this box.
MORGAN: Careful. Those haven't been classified yet. Don't want to get them mixed up with the others.
DOCTOR: Where was this found?
MORGAN: In a cremation cyst a couple of hundred yards from the tumulus on the top of the hill. Why?
DOCTOR: Extraordinary.
LUDGATE: Not particularly. It's just a bronze axe head. Pretty straight forward Beaker period stuff.
DOCTOR: Well, I lack your expertise, of course, and with this amount of corrosion it's difficult to be certain.
EVELYN: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: What else have you found at the cremation site?
LUDGATE: Nothing out of the ordinary. Hairpins, some jewellery, remnants of leather and wool. A few charred bones, of course.
DOCTOR: (excited) Can I see them?
LUDGATE: What, the bones?
DOCTOR: Everything.
MORGAN: May I ask why, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh, just idle curiosity.
MORGAN: Well, I'm afraid the answer is no, you may not. It's been most pleasant to meet you, Doctor, but I'm sure you will appreciate that I have a survey to run here and we're already badly behind schedule. Now, if you'll go across the hall into the kitchen, Mrs Moynihan will make you a nice cup of coffee before you go. Good day to you.
DOCTOR: Now you listen to me, Professor. The equipment your young colleague here is using to survey the historical disturbance of the terrain has been picking up far more than the usual background radiation. Somewhere on that moor, something is emitting phased electrical pulses. This is not the remains of a bronze axe head. It's a fragment of molectic bonded dissilum, corroded by the extreme cold of deep space. And if I'm right, what's happening up on that hill could be the beginning of something far more dangerous than you can possibly comprehend. Now, if you don't mind, I'd very much like to see what else you've dug up.
MORGAN: With the greatest respect, Doctor, I am sorry to have to tell you that you are talking utter rubbish. I know the nonsense Mister Ludgate's been filling your head with, and he's obviously found a kindred spirit. But I have neither the time nor the inclination to indulge so much as another minute of this ridiculous poppycock. Mister Ludgate, will you kindly see your friends out.
BRIGADIER: Just one moment, Professor. As it happens, the Doctor is a respected

Government employee of many years standing, and I propose to enlist his help in my current work.
MORGAN: Oh, marvellous. May I remind you, Brigadier, that you are here on an entirely unofficial basis.
BRIGADIER: And may I remind *you*, Professor Morgan, what it would mean to your survey if I were to make my presence here official.
(Long pause.)
MORGAN: Oh, very well, Brigadier. Have it your own way. But if you people get under my nose I shall be quite prepared to make an official complaint.
(Door opens.)
MOYNIHAN: Sorry about the delay. I've been trying to keep count of all the comings and goings. Er, coffee for five, is it?
(Rattle of cups and saucers.)
MORGAN: Ah, the voice of sanity. Thank you, Mrs Moynihan. Going to have mine on the terrace.
MOYNIHAN: Righty-ho.
MORGAN: While the sun's still shining. Bring it out to me there, will you?
MOYNIHAN: Mmm hmm.
MORGAN: Oh, and Mister Ludgate? You'd better show them whatever damn things they want to see.
(Door slides open. Coffee pouring.)
LUDGATE: Will do.
(Door slides shut.)
BRIGADIER: Doctor, Evelyn, this is Mrs Moynihan.
DOCTOR: Yes, we met on the moor this morning.
MOYNIHAN: Indeed we did. I was taking Buster and Ben out for one last run.
LUDGATE: She's off to sunnier climes today, aren't you, Mrs M?
MOYNIHAN: That's right. I'm all packed. The taxi's coming at eleven thirty. I should be at Heathrow by six. I've just said goodbye to the doggies.
EVELYN: Are they going into kennels?
MOYNIHAN: Oh no, no. I could never do that. No, no. A neighbour's coming into my cottage to look after them, yeah. Oh, what a pretty little stone.
EVELYN: Do you like it? I picked it up in the fogou this morning.
MOYNIHAN: What an unusual shape. Well, I can't diddle about here. I'd better get a move on.
LUDGATE: We expect a postcard by Tuesday at the latest.
MOYNIHAN: I'll do my best, Philip.
EVELYN: Where are you going?
MOYNIHAN: Greece, dear. A week in Athens to begin with, then I'm touring the islands. I'm not half so clever as these boys, of course, but I'm so looking forward to seeing the Parthenon and what have you.
DOCTOR: Yes, I've always meant to pop back and see it, now that it's finished.
MOYNIHAN: (laughs) Strange sense of humour. Well, I'd better take the Professor's coffee outside. The taxi'll be here any minute, so if I don't see you again before I go, byeee!
(Door slides open and closes.)
EVELYN: She's a curious one, isn't she?
LUDGATE: To be honest, she's a bit of a sad case. Apparently her husband ran off with his secretary years and years ago. And then I think her daughter married someone she didn't approve of or something, and they lost touch too. I always get the impression she's rather bitter underneath all that enforced jollity.
DOCTOR: Mister Ludgate, I wonder if I might see the other samples from that burial chamber?
LUDGATE: Oh yes, of course. I'll go and have a rummage.
(Door opens.)
LUDGATE: Back in a tick.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: So, tell me, Brigadier, what on Earth are you doing here?
BRIGADIER: Officially, I'm on holiday. Doris has relatives in the south-west.
DOCTOR: Doris?
BRIGADIER: Oh of course. You haven't met my wife, have you.
DOCTOR: Your *wife*?
BRIGADIER: Well, don't sound so surprised, Doctor. We don't all run off with our secretaries,

you know.
DOCTOR: Good gracious.
EVELYN: What about unofficially?
BRIGADIER: I beg your pardon, Doctor Smythe?
EVELYN: You said you were on holiday officially.
BRIGADIER: Ah, yes. Well, Doris is with the in-laws up in Devon, while unofficially, and I hope you realise this is classified information, I'm down here doing a spot of surveillance.
DOCTOR: I thought you'd retired.
BRIGADIER: You know what they say about old soldiers, Doctor. Every now and then I'm asked to do a bit of undercover work, and every now and then I say yes.
DOCTOR: So what's UNIT's interest in this survey?
BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor. Doctors. Back in 1940, Lanyon Moor was occupied by the Royal Navy, for use as a radar observation post.
DOCTOR: Mmm hmm.
BRIGADIER: They put up huts on the hill, but they had to abandon the site within a couple of months.
EVELYN: Why? What happened?
BRIGADIER: Well, for one thing the radar equipment was completely useless. Everything was permanently scrambled. Chaps from the War Office cam down, experts and so forth, but they couldn't get to the bottom of it.
DOCTOR: What else?
BRIGADIER: There was some sort of wave of mental illness among the men. It seems people were just losing their marbles, wandering off onto the moors. One poor fellow even went over a cliff and ended up in pieces at the bottom. Well, not surprisingly the Admiralty didn't want to make too much noise about it, so they quietly shut the place down and moved the station twenty miles up the coast.
EVELYN: Hmm. And now these things are happening here again?
BRIGADIER: Well, nothing quite so serious, touch wood, Doctor Smythe. But a couple of weeks ago one of Professor Morgan's assistants had some sort of breakdown at the fogou, and ended up in hospital.
DOCTOR: So that's why Mister Ludgate was so keen to bundle us out of there. And now UNIT have got you hanging around and keeping an eye on things, eh?
BRIGADIER: Exactly, Doctor. Unofficially, Professor Morgan knows all about it. He and young Ludgate have signed the Official Secrets Act. Everyone else thinks I'm just a friend of Morgan's. A retired warhorse on holiday.
DOCTOR: And you're living here?
BRIGADIER: Not at the Institute, no. I'm at the Pengriffen Arms, a very good pub just down the road.
(The Doctor chuckles. Door opens.)
LUDGATE: Right. These trays are all from the same cremation cyst. These two are fabric, this lot's all pottery, this one's bone fragments, and you've seen the metal already.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Mister Ludgate. Evelyn, while I'm looking through this lot, there's something I'd like you to do.
EVELYN: Have breakfast?
DOCTOR: (sighs) If you insist. Then I wonder if you could help me with some good old-fashioned research.
EVELYN: Like what.
DOCTOR: Find out anything you can about the history of this place. Pengriffen, Tremayne, Lanyon Moor in particular. Local history, folk lore, anything at all connected with the area as far back as you can go.
EVELYN: Right. Is there a local library, Philip?
LUDGATE: The nearest one's in Penzance. But you'd be better off paying a visit to the manor house. Sir Archibald's got a fantastic library, and I'm sure he'll be more than happy to let you have a browse.
BRIGADIER: Yes indeed.
EVELYN: Oh.
BRIGADIER: One of his ancestors was a genuine eighteenth century antiquarian. There are whole rooms piled with books in that house.
EVELYN: Sounds ideal. Well then, I'll go straight over. How do I find it?
LUDGATE: It's a mile or so across the moor. Actually, if you're quick you could catch a lift in Mrs

Moynihan's taxi.
(Door opens.)
LUDGATE: Mrs M?
EVELYN: I'll report back before evening, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Good girl, Evelyn. We'll meet here at seven.
LUDGATE: Well, Doctor, if I don't get back to work, Professor Morgan will probably have a seizure. Is there anything else I can get you?
DOCTOR: Thank you, Mister Ludgate. The Brigadier and I have quite enough to going on with here.

EVELYN: This is very kind of you, Sir Archibald.
FLINT: Not at al, Doctor Smythe. It is a pleasure to have such a charming visitor. I'm afraid my butler is away visiting his mother this weekend, so I shall have to do my poor best to look after you myself. The library is this way.
EVELYN: It's a very impressive house. Elizabethan, isn't it?
FLINT: Spot on, m'dear. 1571. The architect was Sir John Arundell. His gabled façade is the earliest of its kind in the country.
EVELYN: It's a beautiful hallway..
FLINT: And here's our famous window, you see. Five hundred and seventy six individual panes, most of them original.
EVELYN: That's quite something.
FLINT: The window cleaner detests it, of course. (laughs)
EVELYN: Has the house always been in your family, Sir Archibald?
FLINT: Only since the seventeenth century. It was a gift from Charles the Second in recognition of our support during the Civil War. Now, here we are. Some of these bookcases may be a little dusty, I fear.
EVELYN: Oh, I can cope with a bit of dust.
FLINT: That's the spirit. Well, if you'll excuse me, Doctor Smythe, I usually have my little rest at around this hour. Time's wingèd chariot and all that, you know. Do make yourself at home in the kitchens, and feel free to use the telephone, of course. I shall return, much refreshed, in a couple of hours, when perhaps you'll do me the honour of joining me for afternoon tea.
EVELYN: Oh, thank you very much, Sir Archibald.
FLINT: The pleasure is mine. So nice to have a young face around the place. Good hunting.
EVELYN: I hope so.
(Door closes.)
EVELYN: Young face! It's a while since anyone described me as that. Oh, hang about. I should have asked him where the history books are.
(Door opens.)
EVELYN: Sir Archibald, I wonder if you could tell (pause) Well, how extraordinary. Where's he shot off to so quickly? Oh well, I'll find them. (door closes) Now, where are we? History, history, history. Ah. History. European history, military history, history of exploration, local history. Here we go. (cabinet door creaks) He wasn't joking about the dust, was he?

BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor, any joy?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure about joy, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Why, what have you found in the Professor's specimen trays? Irrefutable evidence of imps and goblins?
DOCTOR: What makes you say that?
BRIGADIER: Oh, just the local hocus-pocus, you know. Cornish pixies and so forth. They lay it on rather thick for the tourists around here.
DOCTOR: Do they?
BRIGADIER: Oh yes. Apparently the local name for the fogou is the Pixie's Hall. Supposed to be traditional, but it sounds to me like a bit of nonsense cooked up by the Victorians. They were great ones for all that stuff about the fairy folk, weren't they?
DOCTOR: Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen, we daren't go a-hunting for fear of little men.
BRIGADIER: (laughs) Exactly. That's the sort of thing. A good old bit of bunkum.
DOCTOR: Yes, possibly. Come on, Brigadier, get your coat.
BRIGADIER: Why, where where are we going?
DOCTOR: Up to the fogou. There's something I want to take a look at.

EVELYN: And there it was, Lanyon Moor. I knew I'd heard of it somewhere along the line. Thank you very much, Gareth. Nice to double-check. All right then. Next time I'm in town I'll call you up and we'll have dinner at Magdalen. All right then. Bye.
(Telephone receiver replaced.)
FLINT: Have your researches been fruitful, Doctor Smythe?
EVELYN: Oh! Sir Archibald, I didn't hear you come in. You gave me quite a fright.
FLINT: I'm so sorry, m'dear. I do apologise. I had to idea I was still capable of sneaking about at my age. Can I tempt you to another pot of tea?
EVELYN: No, thank you. You've been most kind and you've kept me well fed all day, but I really think it's about time I made tracks.
FLINT: Would that I could offer you a lift, m'dear, but I'm afraid my butler is also my chauffeur.
EVELYN: That's quite all right. I rather fancy a breath of fresh air anyway.
FLINT: Yes, I see you found the dust. I only hope it's been worthwhile.
EVELYN: I think so, yes. I've made quite a few notes, anyway.
FLINT: Good. Well, Doctor Smythe, you're welcome to stay as long as you wish, but if you are contemplating a return on foot, I should advise you to set off directly. Duck is approaching and night falls very quickly on the moor.
EVELYN: That's a point. I just keep to the track, do I?
FLINT: That's right. A couple of hundred yards beyond the gatehouse it joins the old Tinner's Way, and you follow that straight down to the village.
(Door opened.)
FLINT: There's quite a mist rising, so do make sure you stay on the path, won't you?
EVELYN: I will. Well, thank you, Sir Archibald. You've been most kind.
FLINT: Come back whenever you like, Doctor Smythe. It has been a great pleasure. Goodbye.
EVELYN: Goodbye.
(Door shuts.)
FLINT: Ah, there you are. Yes, I thought I heard you lurking in the shadows. Well, I think we may have a problem. This Smythe woman, and her friend the Doctor, they both seem far too inquisitive for their own good. Come with me. We must prepare for tonight's experiment.
(Rapid footsteps.)

BRIGADIER: What exactly is it you're looking for, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I won't really know until I find it.
BRIGADIER: Well, in the meantime, can't you tell me what's on your mind?
DOCTOR: Oh, the human race, Brigadier. The human race.
BRIGADIER: Would you care to be a little more forthcoming?
DOCTOR: Folklore can tell us a great deal about the workings of the mind. The concerns and pressures incumbent on different civilisations.
BRIGADIER: I suppose it can, yes.
DOCTOR: Well, doesn't it strike you as even mildly interesting that this place is said to be haunted by imps and pixies?
BRIGADIER: But surely, Doctor, that's just the sort of thing that's attached to every ancient site in the British Isles. If it's not pixies, it's giants, or witches, or the Devil turning people to stone for dancing on the Sabbath. Jolly good bedtime stories, but no more than that.
DOCTOR: We both know from experience that that's not always the case, Brigadier.

(Walking outdoors.)
EVELYN: Hello!
NIKKI: Hello there. You going westward?
EVELYN: I'm going this way, if that's westward. Pengriffen.
NIKKI: That's where I'm headed too. I'm Nikki. Nice to meet you.
EVELYN: Evelyn. You've obviously come equipped.
NIKKI: Yes. I'm doing the whole of the South West coastal path.
EVELYN: I say. How far is that?
NIKKI: Well, you start up near Minehead and it goes all the way round to Dorset. It's over six hundred miles altogether.
EVELYN: You must be mad!
NIKKI: I love it. It's my year out before college, so I thought if I don't do it now, I won't get another chance for a few years.
EVELYN: And you're just doing in on your own?

NIKKI: Not completely, no. I'm meeting up with friends for the odd stretch, but I'm the only one mad enough to do the whole lot.
EVELYN: Are you camping?
NIKKI: No, staying at Youth Hostels and B&B's. It's the only way to get a decent bath. There's a Hostel in Pengriffen, so that's my target for tonight. What about you?
EVELYN: I'm staying at the Archaeological Institute.
NIKKI: Really?

DOCTOR: Just hold this for a moment, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: What the Dickens is it?
DOCTOR: Schlangian power cell.
BRIGADIER: Ask a silly question.
DOCTOR: Ideally what I need is some copper wire. Now where on Earth did that come from? Never mind. Ah, here we are. Power cell, please.
BRIGADIER: May I ask what you're up to, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Somewhere in this fogou there's a point of electromagnetic conductivity. What mariners used to call a lodestone.
BRIGADIER: And you think that's what's been causing these electrical disturbances?
DOCTOR: Well, not causing them. Focusing them, if you like. Now, if I can find it, we might be a step nearer to understanding the nature of these manifestations. Hold this piece of wire. That's it. No, no, higher up. Now, keep it steady while I wind it round this. Here we go.

FLINT: Power level stabilised. Preliminary tests complete. Switch on.
(Click, power builds.)

EVELYN: Did you hear something?
NIKKI: Where?
EVELYN: Just up ahead. Listen.
(Something small and nasty cackles.)
NIKKI: What was that?
EVELYN: I don't know, but I don't like the sound of it very much.
NIKKI: Oh, come on, let's get going. It's just this fog making us imagine things. Nothing's going to get between me and my Horlicks.
EVELYN: No, wait. Don't.
(Evil snicker.)
EVELYN: It's getting nearer.
NIKKI: Oh, it's just a bird or something.
EVELYN: Nikki, I think we should go back the way we came.
NIKKI: I think you could be right.
EVELYN: Just turn round slowly and oh!
(Cackle.)
NIKKI: Run?
EVELYN: Run!
(Running, snarl. Nikki screams.)
EVELYN: Nikki! Nikki!

[Part Two]

EVELYN: Oh no.
(Cackling.)
EVELYN: Get away from me!
(Cackling suddenly stops.)
EVELYN: Oh, I don't think I can take much more of this.
LUDGATE: (distant) Evelyn! Evelyn, is that you?
EVELYN: Oh, Philip! Thank heavens. Over here.
LUDGATE: I saw lights on the hillside, so I came to see what was. Great God, what's happened?
EVELYN: She, she's dead, I'm afraid.
LUDGATE: She looks as if she's been half eaten.

EVELYN: (faint) Mister Ludgate, I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but do you think you might support me? I'm afraid I don't feel very
LUDGATE: Come on, let's get you down to the Institute.

(Gizmo beeping.)
DOCTOR: No. No. No. (fast beeping) Got you!
BRIGADIER: I beg your pardon, Doctor?
DOCTOR: See the dysphasic pulse registering on the power cell? This stone here is the point of conductivity I was looking for. It was just a matter of finding the right one by trial and error.
(Gizmo turned off.)
BRIGADIER: I'm afraid you've lost me, Doctor. How can a common or garden stone, in an Iron Age wall, turn out to be an electromagnetic conductor, or whatever it is?
DOCTOR: Take another look at it, Brigadier. That's no common or garden stone.
BRIGADIER: Looks the same as all the others to me.
DOCTOR: At first sight, perhaps, but that's just the weathering. Now, if we lift the veil of the centuries.
BRIGADIER: And how are you going to manage that?
DOCTOR: With a teaspoon. Here, hold the torch.
(Metal on stone.)
DOCTOR: There we are, you see. A bit of algae and soot and calcification, but underneath it's as fresh as a daisy.
BRIGADIER: Bless my soul. It's metal!
DOCTOR: Not strictly speaking. It's a mineral compound. A rock like any other. But it certainly doesn't belong in this parish.
BRIGADIER: The colours. I've never seen anything like it.
DOCTOR: That's hardly surprising. It was probably quarried on the planet Sperris.
BRIGADIER: I'll take your word for that, Doctor. So, what's it doing here?
DOCTOR: That's a very good question.
LUDGATE: (running in) Doctor? Doctor! Doctor, it's Evelyn. There's been an accident.

(Birdsong, church bells.)
DOCTOR: Evelyn, I'm so sorry. I'd have done anything to prevent this from happening.
EVELYN: I just can't help thinking about that poor girl. Her whole life ahead of her.
BRIGADIER: Try not to dwell on that, Doctor Smythe. You've had a nasty shock yourself, and you must concentrate on making a full recovery.
EVELYN: Thank you, Brigadier. I'm made of quite stern stuff really. Doctor, it was some sort of creature. An imp, or a goblin, even.
DOCTOR: Remarkable. A physical manifestation of psionic energy.
EVELYN: Oh, it was real enough.
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't doubt that. A fully-fledged manifestation would have the power to influence the material plane on any level it wanted.
LUDGATE: Which it certainly did. You should have seen what was left of
BRIGADIER: Thank you, that will do, Mister Ludgate.
LUDGATE: I'm sorry. Look, Evelyn, I'll go and get you another cup of tea.
EVELYN: Hot chocolate, if you've got it.
LUDGATE: Hot chocolate it shall be.
(Door opens and closes.)
EVELYN: What's being done about making her decent?
BRIGADIER: I've been on the line to UNIT. An undercover team is supervising things even now. We need to keep this whole business under wraps for the time being, Doctor Smythe, but don't worry, the deceased will be given every respect, and her relatives are being contacted straight away.
EVELYN: Thank you, Brigadier.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, do you feel up to telling me about this creature you saw?
BRIGADIER: Doctor, I really think we should let
EVELYN: Brigadier, it's fine, really. I'm feeling much better now. And anyway, I shall feel a great deal worse if we sit around and let something like this happen again.
DOCTOR: That's the spirit. Now, tell me exactly what you saw.
EVELYN: It was getting dark, Doctor, and it was very foggy, so I'm afraid it wasn't exactly ideal conditions. But the first thing we heard was a sort of chuckling sound. There was something

horribly malevolent about it. And then there were the lights, little dots in the mist like fireflies. And then, then there it was just on the path in front of us. It was hideous, Doctor. Like something out of Grimm's fairy tales. It couldn't have been more than about three feet tall, but you could see it was incredibly strong and, and sinewy, I suppose is the word. And it was grinning at us. I'm afraid I don't remember anything too clearly after that.
DOCTOR: Well done, Evelyn. Fascinating. A complete psionic projection of the creature itself.
EVELYN: But why didn't it attack *me*?
DOCTOR: I'm not entirely certain. You say it just disappeared?
EVELYN: Well the thing launched itself right at me. I thought I'd had it, but then, quick as a flash, it just melted away in mid-air.
BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor, what's the explanation?
DOCTOR: I don't know. It sounds as though Evelyn must have repulsed the psionic field somehow.
EVELYN: Thank you very much.
DOCTOR: But to do that, you'd need to be surrounded by a. Wait a minute. Were you carrying that little stone you found in the fogou?
EVELYN: Er, yes. I think I put it in my handbag.
DOCTOR: May I?
EVELYN: Go ahead.
(Zip, rummage.)
BRIGADIER: Do I gather Doctor Smythe was protected from this creature by another piece of alien rock, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's possible. Honestly, Evelyn, how do you ever find anything in this mess?
EVELYN: Well, if that isn't the pot calling the kettle black, I don't know what is.
DOCTOR: Ah, here we are.
BRIGADIER: Curious looking thing.
DOCTOR: It's a bisilicate compound of some kind. I wonder, some sort of magnetic induction loop, perhaps.
EVELYN: It's just a pebble with a hole in it.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is, isn't it? We're dealing with an entirely alien technology here. Still, the fact that you were carrying *this* explains how you managed to dissipate the psionic field when the projection got too close to you.
BRIGADIER: What course of action do you propose now, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I think it's time we got to know our enemy a little better. Evelyn, did you find anything in Sir Archibald's library?
EVELYN: Rather a lot, as a matter of fact.
(Door opens.)
LUDGATE: Hot chocolate, as requested.
EVELYN: Bless you, Mister Ludgate. And would you just pass over my bag? Thank you. Now then. (pages turned) There's quite a history of things going bump in the night around here. I knew I'd heard of Lanyon Moor somewhere along the line., and yesterday afternoon I suddenly realised where, so I phoned up a friend of mine who lectures in History at Oxford. Now, listen to this. It comes from the diary of a fellow called Edward Hopkins, who fought with the Royalists in the Civil War. In 1645 he was on the run from a party of Roundheads, and he hid in the fogou overnight. There, read that.
DOCTOR: (reads) Mortal dread was my only companion, for that place the Fogie Hole as long been called a Home of Witches and Devils. The night was passed in watchful prayer, and in the morning I gave thanks to leave that ungodly Pit with my life. I reached the place known as Pengriffen's Knap, whereat I made a strange and wonderful discovery that brought me in mind of how near I had come to my doom. The persecutors of the King's army had made their camp beside that ancient hillock, and around the embers of their camp fire I found their pitiful remains. Torn asunder they were to the last man, whether by the onslaught of some fearful beast, or by Divine retribution against their wickedness, I cannot tell. Well, he had a Cavalier attitude.
EVELYN: Don't joke. It's horrible.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is. What else did you find?
EVELYN: Right. There's one of Sir Archibald's ancestors, a fellow called Sir Percival Flint, who controlled the tin mining industry around these parts at the end of the eighteenth century. Anyway it seems that Percy was a bit of an amateur archaeologist.
LUDGATE: Huh, they all were in those days. Amateur, I mean. Did more damage than good, digging everything up willy-nilly and not putting it back properly.

DOCTOR: Please don't interrupt, Mister Ludgate. I can't abide interruptions.
(Door opens.)
MORGAN: Ah, there you are, Doctor Smythe.
(The Doctor sighs.)
MORGAN: So sorry to hear about your awful experience.
EVELYN: I'm much better now, thank you, Professor.
DOCTOR: What happened to Sir Percival, Evelyn?
EVELYN: Where was I? Oh, yes. In 1783 he tried to excavate one of the chambered tombs, and according to him, all Hell broke loose. Listen to this. (reads) No sooner had the great portal stone been dragged from its place, than a fearful wind blew up, which with ghastly shrieks and screams, such as might have arisen from the unholiest depths, caused the men to desert their work and flee.
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
MORGAN: Oh really, Doctor, that sort of thing is all very well for a busload of hippies at Tintagel, but I'd expect a little more rigour from an academic like yourself.
BRIGADIER: Oh, I think you'll find that the Doctor can be quite rigorous when the occasion demands, Professor.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Brigadier. Go on, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Well, it carries on in the same vein for a bit, blah, blah, blah. Oh, here we are. When at length the men were prevailed upon to return the stone to its former position, it was found that whereas six horses had been necessary to remove it from the mound, only two were required to bring it back, and this despite the latter operation taking an uphill gradient.
MORGAN: Oh, the early antiquarians are full of that sort of nonsense. Fancy and flummery. It's all whipped up to get a bit of publicity.
EVELYN: Well, I don't know how you explain the next bit.
DOCTOR: Tell on.
EVELYN: In the 1840s there was a tenant farmer who decided to flatten the tumulus so he could plough up the hill and plant more crops. He'd hardly started digging when he had a heart attack, Dropped down dead right there on top of the mound.
LUDGATE: Yes, that one's a well-known story round here. They reckon his entire herd of cattle died within the next month, and when the new farmer moved in, his crops failed for seven years.
MORGAN: Oh, for pity's sake, Mister Ludgate. Don't you start.
DOCTOR: Remarkable. An enormous release of psionic energy triggered by interference with the mound, I imagine. Enough to annihilate life and poison the soil in the immediate area. A formidable defence mechanism.
MORGAN: A formidable release of preposterous flim-flam, you mean. Enough to drive any self-respecting academic to distraction.
DOCTOR: Professor Morgan, have you ever hear the expression, only the used key shines?
MORGAN: What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: Wherever I go in the universe I invariably meet people like you, intelligent, knowledgeable people who, for reasons I can only guess at, reach a point in their lives when they arbitrarily decide to close their minds to anything new. You make it a point of personal pride to scoff, mock and ridicule anybody who happens to inhabit a larger universe than the one in which you have chosen to imprison yourself. Well, that's your business. You may believe I'm talking nonsense, and I can't help what you personally choose to believe, but I do know this. The only way to learn is to keep your mind open to the input of those who are more knowledgeable than yourself. Now, I suggest we all go downstairs and let Evelyn get some rest.
MORGAN: Well, of all the overbearing, condescending
BRIGADIER: What's your plan, Doctor?
DOCTOR: We need to trace the source of the energy emissions. Now, I'm going back to the moor to fetch some equipment from the Tardis. And while I'm away, nobody is to go anywhere near that fogou. Is that understood?
MORGAN: I shall go where I please, when I please. I must tell you that I am not accustomed to being addressed in that manner, and furthermore
BRIGADIER: Perfectly understood, Doctor. Now, come along, Professor, please.
(Door opens.)
BRIGADIER: Mister Ludgate, let's leave Doctor Smythe in peace, shall we? Come on.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Try to get some sleep, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Doctor, I'm fine, really.

DOCTOR: I know you are. But I have a feeling we'll need all the energy we can muster over the next day or so.
EVELYN: All right, I'll try.
DOCTOR: That's the spirit.
EVELYN: If I do that, will *you* go downstairs and apologise to Professor Morgan?
DOCTOR: What? What on Earth for? The man's an idiot.
EVELYN: No, he isn't. He's a very clever man at the top of his profession, who just doesn't understand what's going on. I'm not saying I don't agree with every word of what you said, because I do. But try and look at things from his point of view. Here he is, trying to run a nice straightforward survey. All of a sudden he's got Doctors and Brigadiers and pixies and goodness knows what cluttering the place up. And now this poor girl getting killed. Under the circumstances you can't blame him for taking it out on us. It's a wonder the man hasn't gone completely doolally. Just try and be nice to him.
DOCTOR: Oh, I suppose you're right. Very well, I'll apologise.
EVELYN: Thank you.
DOCTOR: Oh, by the way.
EVELYN: Yes?
DOCTOR: Good work at the library.
EVELYN: My pleasure.
DOCTOR: Sleep tight.
(Door opens and closes.)

(Door opens.)
MORGAN: Do I take it that martial law has now been declared?
BRIGADIER: Professor Morgan, there's really no need to over-react. The Doctor has a brilliant mind, and many years of experience have taught me that it's best to listen to him.
MORGAN: I have never been spoken to in that tone of voice!
BRIGADIER: I agree the Doctor can occasionally be a little forthright.
MORGAN: He was arrogant!
BRIGADIER: Single-minded, perhaps. Maybe even a little vain. But arrogant? No, I don't think so. Arrogance is a kind of foolishness, and believe me, the Doctor is no fool.
(Footsteps descending.)
DOCTOR: I'm delighted to hear you say so, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Ah, Doctor. How's Evelyn?
DOCTOR: Oh, she's as tough as old boots. She'll be fine. Professor Morgan
MORGAN: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's a privilege and a pleasure to know that we can rely on your expertise during this crisis. Your presence here is quite invaluable, and we're tremendously fortunate to have you here.
MORGAN: Humph.
DOCTOR: When I get back here with my equipment, I'd be most grateful for your advice on matters archaeological.
MORGAN: Well, er, well, we shall see.
DOCTOR: Good, good. I should be back within the hour. (receding) And remember, no go fogou.
BRIGADIER: Understood, Doctor.
(Door closes.)
MORGAN: What an infuriating man.
BRIGADIER: Oh, he can be. He can be.

(Walking on gravel.)
DOCTOR: Oh, what an infuriating man. However, onward and upward. Portable field vector map should do the trick. It'll be fun carrying *that* down the hill.

(Knock on door.)
EVELYN: Come in.
(Door opens.)
LUDGATE: I've brought you another hot chocolate.
EVELYN: You're a man after my own heart, Mister Ludgate.
LUDGATE: Oh, don't keep calling me that. Philip, please.

EVELYN: Well, thank you. One of my students is called Philip. I suppose you're not much older than him, come to think of it, are you?
LUDGATE: I don't know how old he is, but I'm twenty five, if that helps.
EVELYN: Listen, Philip, I think there's something not quite right up at the Manor.
LUDGATE: How do you mean?
EVELYN: Well, I don't know. All his servant were away. Sir Archibald's all alone in that great big house, and yet
LUDGATE: What?
EVELYN: I don't know. I just got the impression that there was more going on in that house that house than he wanted me to think. Just a sort of gut feeling I had.
LUDGATE: Well, he's a funny old boy, that's for sure. He's probably the original Norman Bates. Got his mother in the cellar.
EVELYN: No, I'm serious. He left me alone in the library, and when I opened the door a second later he'd disappeared. There was no way he could have got right across the hall in that time.
LUDGATE: Well, I should think that old house is full of hidden panels and things. Nothing terribly mysterious about that.
EVELYN: But it was literally a matter of seconds. I think there's something funny about him.
LUDGATE: You mean he might have something to do with what's been going on?
EVELYN: Oh, I don't know. It seems ridiculous now you've said it. He's probably just a sweet old man. Very old-fashioned. Something of which, as you might imagine, I approve.
LUDGATE: You don't think we should
EVELYN: What?
LUDGATE: Well, you know, go and have a little poke around?
EVELYN: At the Manor?
LUDGATE: Yes. Sir Archibald goes out every single morning. He's always down in the village, chairing committee meetings for the local hunt or whatever. We could take advantage of his absence.
EVELYN: You mean, break in?
LUDGATE: Well, yeah.
EVELYN: That's an outrageous suggestion. (pause) Shall we do it?
LUDGATE: Seriously?
EVELYN: No, we can't. The Brigadier and Professor Morgan would never countenance it.
LUDGATE: Well, they don't have to know, do they? I mean, after what happened last night the survey's pretty much on hold, so I'm free to do what I want. And you're up here getting some much needed sleep, aren't you? So who would notice if we just slipped down the back stairs and popped over to Pengriffen Manor for a couple of hours? Have a quick snoop around, be back before lunch.
EVELYN: This is criminal.
LUDGATE: Well, a bit.
EVELYN: Let's do it.
LUDGATE: Great. I'll nip down the back stairs and check if the coast is clear while you get dressed.
EVELYN: Not a word of this to the others, all right? I'm sure the Brigadier is altogether too chivalrous to let me out of this room until I'm fully recovered. Which I am, incidentally.
LUDGATE: Mum's the word. I'll see you in a minute.

(Beeps. The Doctor is sort of singing wordlessly.)
DOCTOR: Oh, I've wandered up and down this particular airy mountain quite enough times already, and here we are. Wait a minute.
(Beep goes up in tone then stops.)
DOCTOR: The Tardis, it's gone!

(Door creaks opens. Whispering voices get louder.)
LUDGATE: In you come.
EVELYN: I'm rather glad I was too large to get through the window. I'm afraid I make a rather nervous housebreaker.
(Door creaks shut.)
LUDGATE: Could have been a lot harder. We should be thankful Sir Archibald doesn't have burglar alarms.
EVELYN: Shh! Keep your voice down.

LUDGATE: Oh, there's no one about, honestly. Nobody here but us chickens. So, where do you want to start?
EVELYN: I don't even know what we're doing here, really. All right, you start on the rooms down that corridor. I'll go across the hall and start on the other wing.
LUDGATE: Right. Er, what am I looking for, exactly?
EVELYN: Er, anything that might suggest he's got some sort of operation going on here. Incriminating letters, computer files, I don't know. Evidence of jiggery-pokery.
LUDGATE: Right.
EVELYN: Meet you at the main staircase in twenty minutes.
LUDGATE: Right-o.

(Door opens and closes.)
BRIGADIER: Ah, Doctor. Did you get the equipment you needed?
DOCTOR: Mmm? No.
BRIGADIER: Change of plan?
DOCTOR: You could say that, yes. The Tardis has disappeared.
BRIGADIER: Taken off without you? How?
DOCTOR: I don't know. She's either dematerialised or slipped a dimension somehow, but either way she's gone.
BRIGADIER: Hold on, Doctor. I seem to recall the Tardis became invisible once before.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's nothing like that, Brigadier. This is rather more serious, I'm afraid. This creature, whatever it is, doesn't want me to have access to the Tardis. I suspect it's already sensed that I might be a threat to its plans.
BRIGADIER: Well, that's just it, Doctor. What is it, and what are its plans?
DOCTOR: I wish I knew.

EVELYN: Nothing here either. Oh, this is ridiculous, breaking and entering at my age. You should be ashamed of yourself, woman. I'm getting out of here.
(Click, creak.)
EVELYN: Hello, what on Earth is this?
(Beeps of different tones.)
EVELYN: This is incredible! What is it?
FLINT: It's my laboratory, Doctor Smythe. Do you like it.
(Click, creak.)
EVELYN: Sir Archibald! What are you *doing* in here?
FLINT: Isn't that the very question I ought to be asking you, Doctor Smythe?
EVELYN: Er, yes, that is rather difficult to explain, isn't it?
FLINT: I feel confident that you'll give it a go.
EVELYN: Well, you did say I could come back whenever I liked.
FLINT: Call me an old traditionalist, but I had rather naively imagined that you might have come to the front door and rung the bell. Well, I must say this is all terribly exciting. I've never had burglars before. Are you alone, or do you have accomplices casing the joint?
EVELYN: I'm er, alone.
FLINT: You're quite sure about that, are you?
EVELYN: You can see for yourself there's nobody else here. I came on my own.
FLINT: Well, that's fortunate. But only for me, I'm afraid. You really shouldn't have come here, Doctor Smythe.
EVELYN: I'd better be on my way, then.
FLINT: Oh no, I don't think so. Not now. I'm afraid you've seen things you really oughtn't to have seen. The question is, what am I going to do with you?

DOCTOR: The question is, how can I trace the source of the energy emissions?
BRIGADIER: Without your gubbins from the Tardis, you mean?
DOCTOR: Exactly. Time to empty the pockets again, I think.
BRIGADIER: That reminds me, I've still got your roll of copper wire in my coat pocket. Shall I get it?
DOCTOR: Not much help just at the moment, Brigadier. Good gracious, a meta-dimensional rheostat. I wonder how long I've been carrying that around.
BRIGADIER: Any good for the job in hand?
DOCTOR: Completely useless, unfortunately. I suppose I could lash up a short-range scanner.

BRIGADIER: That'll do the trick, will it?
DOCTOR: Well, it'll be a bit of a botch-up. I'd have to cannibalise the tracking equipment in here.
BRIGADIER: I'm sure that will endear you to Professor Morgan no end.
DOCTOR: Well, you can't have everything, can you. There's just one problem.
BRIGADIER: There always is.
DOCTOR: Clearly this creature has highly developed powers of psychic manipulation. The moment I switch on, it'll almost certainly realise what I'm up to, and set up a field of psionic interference.
BRIGADIER: You mean a kind of jamming signal?
DOCTOR: Exactly, a jamming signal. The Tardis's telepathic circuits would have circumvented that problem, but without them
BRIGADIER: Go on.
DOCTOR: Well, the only way I can do it is by amplifying my own alpha waves and introducing them as a random factor in the scanning operation.
BRIGADIER: Doctor, as I'm sure you are only too aware, I am hanging on to this conversation by my fingernails. Are you saying that this device will need your own mental powers to make it work?
DOCTOR: In effect, yes. But that makes it sound more complicated that it is.
BRIGADIER: Isn't it going to be rather dangerous, Doctor, going head to head with this psychic creature?
DOCTOR: Potentially lethal, I should think.
BRIGADIER: In that case I absolutely forbid it.
DOCTOR: Brigadier, it's the only way. We have to find out what this creature is doing. There may only have been one death so far, but believe me, unless we get cracking it won't be the last by a long chalk.
BRIGADIER: There must be another way.
DOCTOR: If there were, I should certainly take it, but there isn't. It's a necessary risk, Brigadier. If my suspicions are correct, your planet is in the gravest danger.

FLINT: Comfortable, Doctor Smythe?
EVELYN: Do I look comfortable?
FLINT: You don't. But as you've already discovered today, appearances can be deceptive.
EVELYN: Will you please untie me? I'll be missed, you know.
FLINT: That really doesn't matter. By the time people come looking, I'll be in charge.
EVELYN: You're a bit crackers, aren't you?
FLINT: Am I? It's all so subjective, isn't it? Who says I'm crackers?
EVELYN: I do. And everyone I can think of, offhand, would agree if they were here now.
FLINT: But they're not, are they? Intellect, ambition, innovation, bravery, the courage to move beyond the stifling parameters of social conformity, these have always been regarded as signs of madness by the plodding majority.
EVELYN: You're starting to sound like Doctor Faustus now. Do you know what happened to him?
FLINT: My dear Doctor Smythe, religion is for people who believe in Hell. Magic is for people who have been there.
EVELYN: Magic? What are you ranting about now? You really are crackers, aren't you.
FLINT: Have you ever heard of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn?
EVELYN: Yes, I think so. Something to do with that narcissistic charlatan who wrote awful poetry. Crowley, Aleister Crowley. Filed his teeth into points and called himself The Beast. He was a bit of a joke, really.
FLINT: He was a prophet, Doctor Smythe. His vision was the dissolution of universal morality.
EVELYN: Rubbish. He wasn't a prophet. At the very best, he was a cut-price Nietzsche.
FLINT: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.
EVELYN: Well, exactly. What kind of feeble philosophy is that? My students observe it every Friday night. It's just an excuse for a good party, dressed up in a bit of Medieval lingo.
FLINT: You babbling inadequate. As you are about to learn, I've made rather more of it than that.
EVELYN: I'm sure you have, but as I pointed out earlier, you're crackers.
FLINT: There is power out there on Lanyon Moor. Deep, dark, primal power such as no man has ever known. All my life I have studied the history of this place. The psychic emanations, the

Spectre of the Moor.
EVELYN: That's why you funded the survey.
FLINT: I thought it might be of some use to me. But as it turns out, Professor Morgan's scratching in the sand is of no consequence. With or without his assistance, my life's work is about to reach fruition.
EVELYN: It's certainly got something to do with fruit. Probably not in the way you think. Nuts are another major ingredient.
FLINT: Your clumsy attempts at sarcasm cannot disguise your fear, Doctor Smythe. My family has always prided itself on being among this country's most loyal servants. It is fashionable nowadays for those with no sense of duty or history to despise the so-called privileged classes. Our institutions are becoming overrun by the worst kind of parvenu. Well, my service may no longer be required, but my blood cannot be taken from me so easily.
EVELYN: Oh, don't let's get above ourselves, old chum. You're only a Baronet, you know. That makes you a commoner like me. You might think I have no sense of history, but I'm sufficiently up on the subject to know that your ancestors probably bought you your place on the lowest rung of the aristocracy.
FLINT: Your envy ill becomes you, doctor.
EVELYN: Anyway, what's all this got to do with Aleister Crowley? How does the dissolution of morality fit in with some two-bit lordling with a screw loose getting ideas above his station?
FLINT: Crowley, of all me, knew that his flock needed leadership. And a prophet, after all, is merely one who prepares the way for a messiah.
EVELYN: Oh, I see. A messiah. And that would be you, would it?
FLINT: Have a care, Doctor Smythe. I am on the threshold of fulfilling my destiny.
EVELYN: Well, that's nice for you.
FLINT: You mock me, but I smell the terror in your mind. What you see around you are the results of decades of privately funded research. The equipment in this laboratory focuses the power of my will. I believe you witnessed a demonstration only last night.
EVELYN: A demonstration? You don't mean. It was *you* who caused that creature to appear?
FLINT: I summoned it forth, Doctor Smythe, and it came.
EVELYN: I don't believe you.
FLINT: Believe what you like. My experiments are complete. When the Spectre rises tonight on Lanyon Moor, it is I who will harness it. Then I shall be able to create and destroy at will. To do my will shall be the whole of the law.
EVELYN: You really are mad, aren't you. You actually believe all this rubbish.
FLINT: Doubt is Devil-born, Doctor Smith. Look at that window. Now!
(Glass shatters, howling wind.)
EVELYN: How did you do that?
FLINT: I hope your students are more attentive than you are. I did it with my mind, Doctor Smythe. Shall we put it back together again? Now!
(Reverse sound effect, wind stops.)
FLINT: Sixteenth century. Wouldn't want it broken, would we?
EVELYN: *You* did that?
FLINT: It's a pity you didn't believe me in the first place, Doctor Smythe. When forced to provide a demonstration, one does feel rather like a performing seal.
EVELYN: What are you going to do with me?
FLINT: If you hadn't already seen too much, you certainly have now, my dear. And it occurs to me that I've never had a human subject before.
EVELYN: What do you mean, a human subject?
FLINT: When I was a little boy, before the war, I remember my best friend and I used to enjoy burning ants with a magnifying glass.
EVELYN: That doesn't surprise me in the slightest.
FLINT: He died in Korea. But I'm straying away from the point.
EVELYN: What is the point?
FLINT: Now who's being a cut-price Nietzsche? The point, Doctor Smythe, is that although I am still beset by ants, I don't need a magnifying glass any more.
EVELYN: You're totally unhinged.
FLINT: This laboratory is my glass, and with the merest twitch of my mind I can make things crackle and smoulder. Now, since it was your eyes that got you into this pickle, I think it's only fitting that they should be the first part of you to be put out of their misery. I shall exercise the utmost discipline and boil them out very slowly, Doctor Smythe. I want you to feel the benefit.

Do excuse me for a moment, while I make the necessary adjustments to my apparatus.
EVELYN: (sotto) Oh, Doctor.

DOCTOR: There, that should do it.
BRIGADIER: Looks like the crystal wireless sets I used to make when I was a boy. Is this thing really going to work, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Should do. Now, Brigadier, I have to confess I'm not entirely sure what will happen when I switch on. I might look as though I'm in some pain. Come to think of it, I might *be* in some pain. But at all costs, don't switch off, and don't pull the headset off me. It might take some time to get a proper triangulation.
BRIGADIER: Very well, Doctor. But are you quite sure this is entirely sensible?
DOCTOR: I think, on reflection, this has to be one of the least sensible things I've ever done. But I have no choice, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Surely, if it's just a matter of tracing some transmissions, we could do it at a UNIT tracking station.
DOCTOR: You're forgetting the psionic jamming signal, Brigadier. Unlikely as it may seem, this little lash-up is our best option. And anyway, time is of the essence.

(Tapping at keyboard.)
FLINT: I won't detain you for much longer, doctor.
EVELYN: You'll never get away with this, you know. People will stop you.
FLINT: I don't think so, Doctor Smythe. You see, they simply won't have the willpower.
EVELYN: But why on Earth do you want to do it, anyway? Why impose your will on the whole world? What for?
FLINT: It is my destiny, my birthright.
EVELYN: I can see now why they wanted to get rid of the hereditary peers.
FLINT: You're an educated woman, Doctor Smythe. Do you really want to end your life chattering like an ape?
EVELYN: I wasn't planning to end it at all, actually.
(Beep.)
FLINT: There, everything is ready. And we switch on, here. Oh, this will be most interesting. Eyes first, didn't we agree? Very well, Doctor Smythe. Are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin.
(Power builds.)

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Well, no time like the present. Switch on, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Right. Hold tight, Doctor.
(Power on. The Doctor gasps in pain. Breaking glass, objects crashing about.)
BRIGADIER: Doctor, are you all right?
SANCREDA [OC]: Scryfan! Scryfan, you have deserted me! No, do not leave me!

FLINT: Can you feel anything yet, Doctor Smythe? Getting a little warm around the sockets, are we?
(Faint sound of Sancreda's voice.)
FLINT: What's this? Circuit overload? How can it (bang) Oh!
(Power drops.)
EVELYN: My eyes are fine.
FLINT: Shut up!
(Slap! Evelyn gasps.)
FLINT: Whatever has happened, my dear, I can assure you that your stay of execution is entirely temporary.

(Things still breaking.)
BRIGADIER: Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me? Doctor, I'm going to switch off.
(Power drops.)
BRIGADIER: Doctor?

(Gentle slapping.)
BRIGADIER: Doctor. Doctor, wake up. Doctor, can you hear me?

(Door opens.)
EVELYN: I don't think much of the guest wing.
FLINT: Yes, I'm afraid my grandfather's study has been rather neglected in recent years, Doctor Smythe, but since you've already proved yourself more than equal to the challenge of a little dust, I feel sure you will not find your stay here too incommodious.
EVELYN: Oh, it's quite delightful. More stained glass, I see.
FLINT: Indeed. In fact, you may wish to contemplate the subject of this window.
EVELYN: It's the Noli Me Tangere.
FLINT: Curiously appropriate, is it not? He tells her not to touch him because He has not yet ascended to His throne, but He will do so by and by, Doctor Smythe.
EVELYN: As soon as he's repaired his computer banks, eh? I don't remember that bit.
FLINT: Perhaps it would be unwise to strain the analogy. But don't worry, your stay here will not be protracted. I shall invite you back to my laboratory just as soon as repairs are complete.
EVELYN: Do all your own maintenance as well, do you? I'm impressed.
FLINT: It would comfort you to think of me as a solitary madman, wouldn't it, Doctor Smythe? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not alone here.
EVELYN: I thought your butler was visiting his mother.
FLINT: Oh, he is. I've had to get some other help in. Well, I'd love to stay chatting, as you can imagine, but I really must leave you for now. We shall resume our experiment later.
(Door closes, key turns in lock.)
EVELYN: Steady yourself, Evelyn. You're all right. You're in one piece, and you've been in worse scrapes than this. Right then, I've seen this film. What happens now is that the heroine escapes from her cell. Somehow.

BRIGADIER: Doctor. Doctor, wake up!
(Door opens. Crunch of debris.)
MORGAN: What the Devil has been going on here?
BRIGADIER: Professor Morgan, we're going to have to call an ambulance. The Doctor's out for the count.
MORGAN: Ah, er, right, yes. Yes, of course. If I can find the telephone in all this er ah, here we are.
BRIGADIER: Good man. I've got him warm, loosened his collar.
(Dialling beeps.)
BRIGADIER: Not sure what else I can do.
DOCTOR: A cup of tea would be nice.
BRIGADIER: Doctor, thank heavens. Never mind the ambulance, Professor Morgan.
(Telephone put down.)
BRIGADIER: Look, could you lay on some tea instead?

(Knocking on wood.)
EVELYN: Oh well, that's the walls, then. I suppose a secret passage would have been too much to expect. Real life just isn't that convenient. Door's out of the question, so that just leaves the window. I wonder. If I wind my cardigan round something, like one of these books, for example. It's worth a try, I suppose.

(Sips.)
DOCTOR: Ah, delicious.
MORGAN: Well, I'm glad you're feeling better, Doctor, but what Sir Archibald's going to say about all the devastation here I cannot imagine. To say nothing of the fact that months of careful research has been mashed up like soup in a blender. I only hope you've got something to show for it.
BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
BRIGADIER: Was it worth risking your life and near enough destroying Professor Morgan's lab? Have you got the readings?
DOCTOR: Two three six. Just working them out now, Brigadier. I'll tell you what would be the utmost assistance at this moment.

BRIGADIER: Yes?
DOCTOR: A pencil. Have you got one over there, Professor?
MORGAN: Be my guest.
DOCTOR: Thank you so much. As my old tutor was fond of telling me, you can go a long way with no talent but you'll never get anywhere without a pencil. Did I say two three six?
BRIGADIER: I think so, yes.
DOCTOR: Good. (writing) Two three six (mutters) Oh, there we are then. Very interesting. And pretty accurate, I fancy, considering you did what I expressly told you not to do, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: If I hadn't switched off when I did, Doctor, I doubt this building would still be in one piece.
DOCTOR: Hmm, you could be right. It was certainly a more dramatic reaction than I'd anticipated.
MORGAN: You mean all this wind and poltergeist stuff was simply this creature trying to stop what you were doing, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. And if he can do that in his sleep, imagine what it'll be like when he wakes up.
MORGAN: I don't follow you.
DOCTOR: Well, as I expected, the epicentre of the primary psionic field is that tumulus on the hill. The creature that's lying dormant beneath it has been haunting the moor for centuries.
MORGAN: What, since neolithic times, you mean?
DOCTOR: Oh, long before that. My guess would be that it arrived on Earth anything up to twenty thousand years ago. When the neolithic settlers arrived, they probably plonked their graveyard up there because it seemed to them that the site had connections with the spirit world.
BRIGADIER: And this creature is roused from its sleep whenever the ground is disturbed.
DOCTOR: Exactly, Brigadier. Hence the trouble with the archaeologists and the Royal Navy and so forth.
BRIGADIER: Well, what about the fogou? I mean, isn't that supposed to have been built thousands of years later? Where does that fit in?
DOCTOR: I should imagine it was built by the Iron Age farmers as some kind of refuge when the haunting was particularly strong. Unfortunately for them, they used materials that were lying around the hillside.
BRIGADIER: And in the process they used that piece of moon rock or whatever it was.
DOCTOR: Seems likely. So rather than a shelter, they ended up with a custom build haunted house.
MORGAN: So you're saying that the imps that are supposed to haunt this place are some sort of psychic image of the creature itself?
DOCTOR: That's exactly right.
MORGAN: There's supposed to be a whole army of them.
DOCTOR: Oh, no reason why the creature can't create a multiple manifestation of itself. Mind you, an army of projections will be nothing compared with just one of the real thing.
BRIGADIER: Any idea what kind of creature it is, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Judging by Evelyn's description, together with the psionic activity and the lodestone in the fogou, I think I have a theory, yes. And it's not a very comforting one.
BRIGADIER: Well, don't keep us in suspense.
DOCTOR: I think it's a Tregannan. A planet hopping colonist from the Spurgion system. For a race of three foot high trolls they're a particularly vicious bunch, I'm afraid. Millions of years ago, they found a way to regulate the electrical activity of their brains with the help of certain psychoactive minerals found in their part of the galaxy. As a result, their entire technology is based on psionic energy and bits of old rock. It makes a formidable combination.
MORGAN: (sighs) It's the most fantastic thing I've ever heard.
DOCTOR: But you're prepared to believe it, Professor?
MORGAN: I've got to, haven't I, Doctor. I mean, after the events of the last couple of days, I think all bets are off.
DOCTOR: Good man. Because I'm afraid things are going to get a great deal worse.
BRIGADIER: What makes you say that, Doctor?
DOCTOR: My little lash-up detected something else. A secondary psionic field operating approximately twenty four degrees east, thirty eight degrees north.
MORGAN: But that's nowhere near here.
BRIGADIER: No, that must be, oh, roughly somewhere in the eastern Mediterranean.

DOCTOR: At a guess, Brigadier, I should think it's Athens.
BRIGADIER: Athens. Great Scott, but that's where
DOCTOR: Yes. A bit of a coincidence, wouldn't you say?

(Footsteps, murmur of voices. A Greek woman speaks.)
PELAGIA: The next hall, ladies and gentlemen, contains some of the finest examples of classical Greek marble to be found anywhere outside the British Museum in London.
(Laughter.)
PELAGIA: But no, to be serious, ladies and gentlemen. All the sculptures in this hall date from the fifth century BC, and they represent the peak of this beautiful art form.
MOYNIHAN: Er, excuse me.
PELAGIA: A moment please. Enjoy the sculptures, ladies and gentlemen, and I will join you in a little minute. How can I help you, madam?
MOYNIHAN: Could you direct me to the Celtic exhibits, please?
PELAGIA: Ah, madam, you have come at the wrong time. I'm afraid that gallery is closed for renovation.
MOYNIHAN: Oh. Oh, what an absolute nuisance. I was *so* hoping to see them.
PELAGIA: We don't have so many items of interest in our Celtic gallery, madam. It is very small, I'm afraid.
MOYNIHAN: I know, but it's a particular hobby horse of mine. I say, you couldn't give me a little private view, could you? I'd be terribly quick.
PELAGIA: I'm sorry, madam, but it is not permitted.
MOYNIHAN: I'm quite happy to pay. A *personal* payment, of course. Look, I have some cash here. Would two hundred thousand drachma be a suitable figure?
PELAGIA: Madam cannot be serious. I think maybe you don't understand your rates of exchange.
MOYNIHAN: Oh, really. Have I got it mixed up? How about three hundred thousand, then?
PELAGIA: You don't mean it, madam.
MOYNIHAN: I assure you I do. Really. Just two minutes of your time would suffice.
PELAGIA: Right now? I mean, this minute?
MOYNIHAN: If you please.
PELAGIA: Okay. One moment please. Ladies and gentlemen, enjoy the sculptures and I shall return to you in just a few minutes. This way then please, madam. We must be quick, however.
MOYNIHAN: So kind.

DOCTOR: The focussing amplifier. That's what she'll be after.
BRIGADIER: What's that, part of this creature's spaceship?
DOCTOR: Not exactly. It's one of the cornerstones of Tregannan technology. A cyber-surgical implant worn on the body that slots into whichever piece of equipment they're using at the time. It enables them to boost their psionic energy over immense distances and power up their hardware. Anything from a microwave oven to an interstellar battle cruiser.
MORGAN: Now I know what to put on my birthday list.
BRIGADIER: Well, what the Devil is this thing doing in Athens?
DOCTOR: It's had plenty of time to get there, Brigadier. Remember, the Celts traded with the Mediterranean civilisation. I should imagine it was taken from Cornwall as a curio some time in the first century BC. Two thousand years later, it's gathering dust in Athens. It's probably in a museum somewhere.
BRIGADIER: Well, why hasn't anyone spotted it before now?
DOCTOR: No reason why they should. I told you, Tregannan technology doesn't involve much industrial manufacture. This focussing amplifier will be nothing more than a small coil of ferrous metal, about the size of a coffee mug. It'll probably be covered in rust. Doesn't matter, it'll still work.
BRIGADIER: And if Mrs Moynihan brings it back here, there'll be trouble, I take it.
DOCTOR: Oh, yes, there'll be trouble all right.
MORGAN: Hang on a minute, Doctor. Are you suggesting that Mrs Moynihan is in some way under this creature's influence?
DOCTOR: Well, I doubt it's actually got her hypnotised. Tregannans have many powers, but that isn't one of them.
BRIGADIER: Well then, why's she working for him?
DOCTOR: Why does anyone work for anyone? I imagine she's been promised something in

return. Wealth, power, the usual.
MORGAN: Are you telling me that my housekeeper has entered into some kind of Faustian pact with a pixie from outer space?
DOCTOR: It's beginning to look that way, Professor.
MORGAN: Right, the minute she gets back here, she's fired.
DOCTOR: Oh, believe me, if Mrs Moynihan gets back here, you'll have precious little time to give her her cards. Brigadier, this is serious. That focussing amplifier must be kept away from the moor at all costs. Preferably kept out of the country altogether.
BRIGADIER: Right. You'd better come with me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Where to?
BRIGADIER: Goonhilly tracking station, about twenty miles away. They've got a UNIT operative in place there. We'll need to get on to HQ and see about setting up some road blocks. With any luck, it won't come to that, and we can intercept her at the airport.
DOCTOR: Splendid. I'll just pop upstairs and tell Evelyn what's happening. I doubt she slept through our little experiment.
MORGAN: I'll do that if you like, Doctor. I mean, if it's *that* urgent, you'd better be on your way.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Yes, good idea. Thank you, Professor. Tell her we'll be back as soon as we can, would you?
MORGAN: Will do.
BRIGADIER: Come along then, Doctor. We've got a brisk walk ahead of us.
DOCTOR: What?
BRIGADIER: The car's parked down at the pub.
DOCTOR: Oh.

(Door unlocked, opened and closed.)
PELAGIA: This is where we keep our small Celtic collection, madam.
MOYNIHAN: Ah, splendid. Thank you so much. You may go.
PELAGIA: Ah, no, madam. I must stay while you are here.
MOYNIHAN: Oh, really.
PELAGIA: So I can then lock up afterwards. And we have not very much time.
MOYNIHAN: No indeed, I see. Very well. Then I'd better see if I can find what I'm looking for.
SANCREDA [OC]: It is here. It is in this room. Search.
MOYNIHAN: Oh yes, they are fascinating, really they are. Let's see, what do we have here?
SANCREDA [OC]: There, before you now, in the second cabinet. It is a focussing amplifier.
MOYNIHAN: Really? That old thing in the back?
PELAGIA: I beg your pardon, madam?
MOYNIHAN: It doesn't look at all how I imagined.
PELAGIA: What doesn't?
MOYNIHAN: Oh, do shut up, you irritating little fool.
PELAGIA: I beg madam's pardon!
MOYNIHAN: You known, it offends me deeply that I even have to speak to people like you. You only brought me here because I offered you money. Look at you, with your high heels and your make-up, and your greedy little eyes. You disgust me.
PELAGIA: Madam, I must ask you to leave now so that I can lock up.
MOYNIHAN: Oh, I'm leaving, all right. But you're not. Since you obviously have a penchant for cheap glass jewellery, perhaps you can make use of this!
(Smash! Alarm sounds. Door opens and closes, then is locked.)

(Door opens.)
LUDGATE: Professor.
MORGAN: Ludgate. Where the Devil have you been?
LUDGATE: I've been looking all over for Evelyn. You haven't seen her, have you?
MORGAN: I was going to ask you the same thing. We thought she was upstairs, but the bed's not been slept in. Look, I'm just popping down the road to see if she's left a message at the pub. The Doctor's at Goonhilly with Lethbridge-Stewart. You hold the fort here, all right?
LUDGATE: Right.
MORGAN: And the Doctor says not to go near the dig.

EVELYN: Well, here goes, with Smythe's patent glass silencer. Forgive me, Sir John Arundell, but it's either me or your window.
(Deep breath, smash. Crows caw.)
EVELYN: So far, so good. Now for the tricky bit.

BRIGADIER: Goonhilly is one of the UN's telecommunications nerve centres, Doctor. Once they get a UNIT incident team set up in here, we shall be able to get some results.
DOCTOR: How much longer is it going to take?
BRIGADIER: A matter of minutes, now. I've just had confirmation that the team's flown in to Culdrose.
DOCTOR: About time too. We were hanging round reception for the best part of two hours.
BRIGADIER: Yes, I'm sorry, Doctor, but you must appreciate I've been retired for a few years now. Gone are the days when all I had to do was reach for the red phone. The desk it's on is three hundred miles away, and someone else's feet are under it, so I'm afraid the security clearances take a little longer.
DOCTOR: Bumbling bureaucracy. I wouldn't be surprised if Mrs Moynihan's back in the country by now.
ASHFORDE: Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart?
BRIGADIER: Yes, Captain.
ASHFORDE: Ashforde, sir. International liaison.
BRIGADIER: Pleased to meet you, Captain Ashforde. This is the Doctor.
ASHFORDE: How do you do, sir. It's an honour to work with you both.
BRIGADIER: All right, Captain, we need to crack on with this business straight away.
ASHFORDE: So I understand, sir. We're already setting up a cordon around the immediate area. Road blocks on all the major routes, and we're posting sentries on the approaches to the burial chamber.
BRIGADIER: Any news from Athens?
ASHFORDE: Yes, sir, and I'm afraid it's not good. This report's just through. Pelagia Stamatis, part time guide at the Athens Central Museum, was found unconscious with severe head injuries in a locked gallery at 12.25 local time today. The police are treating it as aggravated burglary.
DOCTOR: Burglary?
ASHFORDE: One of the display cases was smashed to bits. The girl hasn't come round yet, so they're not sure whether anything's missing.
DOCTOR: Oh, something's missing, Captain, believe me.
BRIGADIER: 12.25 Athens time, so that was 10.25 this morning. How long did it take them to find her?
ASHFORDE: Not very long, sir. The alarms went off as soon as the case was smashed, but there would have been enough time for the culprit to leave the museum.
BRIGADIER: And that was what, five hours ago. More than enough for Mrs Moynihan to fly back home and clear customs. How long have you been watching the airports?
ASHFORDE: Flights into Gatwick and Heathrow have been under surveillance for the last half hour, sir. Nothing yet. We're setting up all the other major ones now. Stanstead, East Midlands, Birmingham.
BRIGADIER: What about the small local airports? Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol? Has anyone checked if they take flights from Athens?
ASHFORDE: I'm not sure, sir.
BRIGADIER: Not sure? Damn it, man, those are the *first* ones you should have secured. This isn't just a matter of picking up some harmless old granny as she goes through the green gate, you know. She'll be working to a plan.
ASHFORDE: Yes, sir.
BRIGADIER: Well don't just stand there, Captain, get on to it.
ASHFORDE: Sir.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: Well, Brigadier, it looks as if we might be too late after all.
BRIGADIER: Don't worry, Doctor. If we missed her at the airport, the road blocks will pick her up.
DOCTOR: I hope you're right, Brigadier.

LUDGATE: All right. I'll see you in two weeks, then. Give my love to Dad. Okay. Okay, bye.
(Telephone receiver down. Door opens.)
EVELYN: Oh, Philip. Thank goodness.
(Door closes.)
LUDGATE: Evelyn, where in God's name did you get to? I've been worried sick.
EVELYN: Where's the Doctor?
LUDGATE: He's not here. Professor Morgan says he's gone to Goonhilly with the Brigadier. Hey, what's the matter with you? You've got blood on your arm.
EVELYN: It's only a scratch. I got it climbing out of the window.
LUDGATE: What happened back there? Where did you disappear to?
EVELYN: Sir Archibald caught me.
LUDGATE: Oh dear. Give you a bit of a telling-off, did he?
EVELYN: Philip, we've got to *do* something. The man is completely insane.
LUDGATE: Oh, come on. I know he's a bit eccentric, but surely that's pushing it a bit?
EVELYN: You think so? I only escaped by breaking a window and making a run for it.
LUDGATE: What? You make it sound as if he's been keeping you prisoner.
EVELYN: That's exactly what he was doing. Philip, he's completely off his rocker. He's some sort of latter day warlock. He's got a secret laboratory up there, and he's planning to take control of this creature's psychic power.
LUDGATE: I do believe you're serious.
EVELYN: I'm serious, all right. Since I last saw you I've been tied up, locked up, threatened with torture. I'd probably be dead by now if his machinery hadn't gone phut.
LUDGATE: I can hardly believe it. Well, what should we do?
EVELYN: How long did the Doctor say he'd be?
LUDGATE: I don't know, I wasn't here.
EVELYN: Well, whatever it is Sir Archibald's intending to do, I've very much the impression that tonight's the night. I think we should go back to the Manor.
LUDGATE: Are you mad? If what you've just told me is true
EVELYN: It is true.
LUDGATE: Then we should keep well away from there.
EVELYN: But he's got to be stopped. I'm sure that's what the Doctor would say if he were here. If we can take him by surprise, I don't know, sabotage his laboratory or something.
LUDGATE: You really are too headstrong for your own good, aren't you. You're the kind of girl my mother warned me about.
EVELYN: Since I'm old enough to *be* your mother, I'll take that as a compliment. Well, you coming?
LUDGATE: I must be mad. Come on, then. But let's tread carefully.
EVELYN: Don't worry, I will. I may have smashed my first window today, but you should see what *he* does to them.
LUDGATE: Well, I'm unlikely ever to win the Lonsdale Belt, but I reckon I can take on Sir Archibald. Come on, then. Let's go to work.
EVELYN: Philip, thank you.
LUDGATE: What for?
EVELYN: For believing me. And coming back with me.
LUDGATE: That's all right, Mum.
EVELYN: Don't be cheeky.
(Door opens.)
LUDGATE: Come on.

(Owl hoots, dogs bark, walking on moor.)
MOYNIHAN: Buster! Down, boy. There's a good boy. Good evening, young man.
SENTRY: Oh, evening, ma'am. What brings you up here?
MOYNIHAN: I only live just down the road. It is a free country, you know.
SENTRY: So it is, ma'am, but I'm afraid you can't come up here tonight.
MOYNIHAN: Whyever not?
SENTRY: Well, it's just me orders, ma'am. It's restricted. There's road blocks and sentries all round this part of the moor.
MOYNIHAN: I say, how terribly exciting. What on Earth's it all about? An unexploded bomb? (laughs) Or perhaps Abel Magwitch has escaped from the prison hulk.
SENTRY: I'm not at liberty to say, ma'am.

MOYNIHAN: I see. Well, my lad, this is the short cut I've taken every day for the last twenty five years, and I really don't see why I should stop now. It would upset my dogs. I'll just pop through, shall I?
SENTRY: I really can't allow that, ma'am. Sorry.
(Readies rifle.)
MOYNIHAN: Did you do that to intimidate me?
SENTRY: Look, ma'am, I've got me orders, and me orders are that nobody is allowed past here, and I'm sorry but that does include you.
MOYNIHAN: Young people today. You're all the same, aren't you. When I was your age I showed a bit of respect for my elders and betters.
SENTRY: Listen, ma'am.
MOYNIHAN: No, you listen to me. You think you can just barge through life getting your own way at all costs? Well, let me tell you, young man. You're going to pay for your contemptuous attitude.
SENTRY: I do not have any kind of an attitude, ma'am. Now I think we've all had enough
(Moynihan laughs.)
SENTRY: What's that?
MOYNIHAN: This? Oh, it's just a bit of old metal. But look what it does.
(Whoosh, cackle. The UNIT sentry screams. Gunshot. Gnawing sounds.)
MOYNIHAN: I imagine people will be treating me rather differently in future.

BRIGADIER: Don't worry, Doctor. She'll be under lock and key long before she reaches the county boundary.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's no good deceiving ourselves, Brigadier. She's here already, I'm sure of it. I suspect we have only a few hours grace.
BRIGADIER: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Even if he gets the focussing amplifier, the Tregannan won't be able to move very far for the time being. He'll be stuck up there on the moor until reinforcements arrive.
BRIGADIER: Reinforcements?
DOCTOR: Well, don't you see, Brigadier? These creatures are linked to the Tregannan gestalt by cyber-surgery that transducts their psionic power over vast distances.
BRIGADIER: I'm sure you're right, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, once he gets his hands on the focussing amplifier, the first thing he'll do is send a distress call to his ship, isn't it?
BRIGADIER: His ship? But Doctor, you said he'd been buried here for twenty thousand years. Are you telling me he's still got a spaceship flying around up there somewhere?
DOCTOR: Oh, it's always difficult to explain time scale relativity to different species. They never seem to want to take it in. Tregannans live for hundreds of thousands of years, Brigadier. This little interregnum would be the equivalent of you going to sleep for, oh, I don't know, a decade perhaps? Unusual, certainly, and undoubtedly every traumatic for the individual, but well within the time frame of the species.
BRIGADIER: And you say the creature gets its power from the spaceship?
DOCTOR: Indirectly, yes. Tregannan ships draw their energy from the home planet, and it's transferred to the crew by psionic induction. Gives them limitless motive energy as long as they don't stray too far from the power source.
BRIGADIER: So if this ship answers the distress call, the creature's power to move around and do things will increase as the ship gets nearer to Earth?
DOCTOR: Comforting thought, isn't it? By the time the ship's a parsec or two from here, he'll be able to regenerate himself in a physical form. Before that happens, we'd better think of something pretty good.

(Door opens.)
EVELYN: I still don't think it was a terribly good idea to come in through the main door.
LUDGATE: We'll be all right. There's no one here.
EVELYN: That's what you said last time.
(Door closes.)
LUDGATE: Where's this laboratory of yours then?
EVELYN: Straight through here. There's a catch in the panelling. Where is it? Here.
(Click, creak.)
LUDGATE: Good God.

EVELYN: It's amazing, isn't it? He might be mad, but he obviously knows what he's doing. Or at least someone does.
LUDGATE: What do you mean?
EVELYN: Well, he didn't do all this himself. He's got someone helping him. Whoever it is must have an incredible scientific mind.
LUDGATE: You're right.
EVELYN: This is the machine that overloaded. Looks like he's nearly finished repairing it. Look.
LUDGATE: I wouldn't touch that, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Why not?
(Pistol cocked.)
LUDGATE: Because I think it would be better if you moved away from it with your hands up.
EVELYN: Philip. Oh.
LUDGATE: I'm sorry, Evelyn.
FLINT: You're right, Doctor Smythe. He does have an incredible scientific mind.
EVELYN: Philip, why?
LUDGATE: I like getting things done. Progress. Survival of the fittest. I wouldn't expect you to understand.
FLINT: I must confess, Doctor Smythe, that I sorely underestimated you. It simply didn't occur to me that you had it in you to smash a priceless Tudor window, and scramble through a fifteen foot ornamental rose border.
EVELYN: Oh, I'm glad I was able to impress you.
FLINT: I have yet to find you at all impressive, Doctor Smythe. Now if you'll excuse us, Mister Ludgate and I have some important work to complete. Lock her up in the wine cellar.
LUDGATE: Right. Come on, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Oh, the wine cellar is it this time?
FLINT: There are no windows down there, Doctor Smythe. I fear there's no wine either, for that matter. Never mind. We won't keep up waiting long.
EVELYN: What's your stake in this business, Philip?
FLINT: Mister Ludgate has been of the greatest assistance to me in many ways, Doctor Smythe. He will be handsomely rewarded.
EVELYN: Things all set for tonight, then, are they? Closer to the Golden Dawn, are we?
FLINT: You will die with inane prattle on your lips, Doctor Smythe. The power on the moor is increasing by the hour. The work is almost complete. At midnight tonight, I shall confront my destiny.

BRIGADIER: Doctor, how many more of these Tregannans will there be on this spaceship?
DOCTOR: It's difficult to say. If it's only a survey ship as I suspect, there'll just be one other. The crew of two bonds with the ship for life, so our friend here won't have been replaced.
BRIGADIER: Right. Well it's clear the best thing we can do is take immediate action before this fellow gets any stronger. I'll get on to Captain Ashforde.
DOCTOR: Oh, Brigadier, if you're about to suggest dropping bombs on it, you can forget it. We've already seen how powerful its psychic defence mechanisms are, even in a dormant state. If you start chucking missiles at it, they'll just bounce off, and probably flatten St Ives in the process.
BRIGADIER: So what do you suggest?
DOCTOR: For the time being, we're just going to have to sit tight and hope your men can keep Mrs Moynihan away from the moor.

(Owl hoots.)
MOYNIHAN: Master, I am here. I have the relic from Athens.
SANCREDA [OC]: You have done well.
MOYNIHAN: What shall I do?
SANCREDA [OC]: Place the focussing amplifier on the cairn before you.
MOYNIHAN: Here?
SANCREDA [OC]: There. Now, retreat from the tumulus.
MOYNIHAN: Oh, yes.
(Running. Sancreda grunts with effort. Roar, bang!)
MOYNIHAN: Master, you live!
SANCREDA: I live at last. And now, after eighteen thousand years of torment here on this primitive speck of mud, in this benighted solar system, here begins my revenge!

[Part Four]

BRIGADIER: What the blazes was that? It felt almost like an earth tremor.
DOCTOR: That's exactly what it was, Brigadier. We're too late.
BRIGADIER: You mean Mrs Moynihan's broken through the cordon? She's taken this amplifying what-not up to the tumulus?
DOCTOR: I should imagine that's what we just felt.
BRIGADIER: And this is where things get serious, is it?
DOCTOR: Oh, that's putting it mildly, Brigadier.
ASHFORDE: Sir.
BRIGADIER: Yes, Captain, what is it?
ASHFORDE: We've just had confirmation from Jodrell Bank, sir. Deep space tracking stations are picking up an unidentified object approaching the Earth at a rate of knots. Still too far away to be able to say what it is.
DOCTOR: Oh, we know what it is, all right.
ASHFORDE: Sir?
BRIGADIER: Any idea how long it'll take to get here, Captain?
ASHFORDE: Yes. If it maintains its current speed and trajectory, sir, they reckon an approximate ETA of 2300 hours.
BRIGADIER: Tonight?
ASHFORDE: Yes, sir.
BRIGADIER: Well, that didn't take long.
DOCTOR: Oh, it doesn't, Brigadier. Not when your technology operates at the speed of thought.

SANCREDA: You have done well.
MOYNIHAN: We aim to please. What would you like me to do now?
SANCREDA: Return to your dwelling and await my summons.
MOYNIHAN: Right.
SANCREDA: Once the ship has arrived, and I have concluded my (pause) personal business, you shall join me in my victory over this planet and its people.
MOYNIHAN: (ecstatic) Ah. Your brother has a surprise coming.
SANCREDA: My brother will pay for abandoning me here. Eighteen thousand years of paralysis on this repellent planet. Eighteen thousand years of pain and hatred. His death will be slow and terrible. Revenge will be sweet.
MOYNIHAN: I know exactly how you feel.
SANCREDA: Wait! The menantolian induction loop is missing.
MOYNIHAN: The what?
SANCREDA: A component of the focussing amplifier. It has been removed.
MOYNIHAN: Is it important?
SANCREDA: If I am to assume manual operation of my ship, it is vital that I recover the induction loop.
MOYNIHAN: Well, what does it look like?
SANCREDA: A small disc of menantol bisilicate, with a socket attaching to the focussing amplifier.
MOYNIHAN: Well, that could be anywhere, couldn't it? I really don't see how we can. Hold your horses though. The Doctor's friend, Evelyn, found a strange little stone with a hole in it up at the fogou.
SANCREDA: Where is this woman now?
MOYNIHAN: I imagine she's at the Institute.
SANCREDA: We must recover the induction loop at once!

BRIGADIER: So, Doctor, what now?
DOCTOR: A rapid return to the Institute, I think. We need to collect Evelyn and the others. Wait a minute. Evelyn's stone!
BRIGADIER: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR: You remember that pebble that saved Evelyn from the psionic attack? Well, if that's part of his control mechanism, we might still have a bargaining chip on our hands. We've got to get hold of it straight away.
BRIGADIER: Right, Doctor. Back to the Institute, then. Keep me informed about the UFO, Captain.

ASHFORDE: Wilco, sir. Good luck.
DOCTOR: Come on, Brigadier!

FLINT: Have you recalibrated the master terminal yet?
LUDGATE: Nearly done.
FLINT: Time is running short.
LUDGATE: All right. I said we'd be ready in time, okay? Sir Archibald?
FLINT: What is it now?
LUDGATE: Is it really necessary to involve Evelyn in all this?
FLINT: I propose to make that woman suffer for her insolence. Don't tell me you're feeling sorry for her?
LUDGATE: She's no part of this. She just stumbled into it. She'll be under your power soon enough anyway, so why don't you just let her go?
FLINT: Oh? And have her come straight back with the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary in full cry? Don't be a fool. You're soft, Ludgate. You'll be telling me next that she reminds you of your mother. Doctor Smythe stays safely locked in the cellar until I am ready to receive her penance. Now get on with your work.

(Footsteps.)
BRIGADIER: Professor? Professor Morgan? Doctor Smythe?
DOCTOR: Nobody here, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: What's this?
(Paper.)
BRIGADIER: Oh, it's from Professor Morgan. (reads) Lethbridge-Stewart, Evelyn has disappeared.
DOCTOR: Huh?
BRIGADIER: No news at the pub. Have gone to search on the moor.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, the idiot. I told him nobody was to go up there.
BRIGADIER: Well, what shall we do, go after him?
MORGAN: Ah, Doctor. Brigadier. There you are.
BRIGADIER: Professor, are you all right, man?
MORGAN: Never better. A devil of a chill out there tonight, though. Doctor, I've been up to the dig.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know. We've just seen your note. I thought I'd expressly warned
MORGAN: All right, all right, keep your hair on. Nothing happened. The whole place was deserted. But, Doctor, the tumulus has been broken right open. There's a great gaping hole in the top of the mound. It's all as though something had burst out from inside.
DOCTOR: That's exactly what *has* happened. And you can count yourself lucky that you didn't meet it. Now listen. From now on we must all stay right away from the moor. That's where his power is strongest. Brigadier, I want you to stay here and hold the fort.
BRIGADIER: Right.
DOCTOR: Professor, I wonder if you'd mind driving over to Pengriffen Manor and warning Sir Archibald? You could ask him if he's seen Evelyn while you're at it. I wonder where she's got to? We must find that stone of hers.
MORGAN: Stone?
DOCTOR: A little pebble about so big with a hole in the middle. Evelyn's got it in her handbag. It's vital that we get it under lock and key as soon as possible.
MORGAN: Right-o, Doctor. I'll get up there straight away. And what about you?
DOCTOR: I'm going to see an old lady about a dog.
MORGAN: You mean Mrs Moynihan? I thought she was still in Greece.
DOCTOR: I wish she were, Professor, but right now I imagine she's holed up in her cottage.
BRIGADIER: I'd better come with you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, thank you, Brigadier, but I need you to stay here in case Evelyn comes back. Don't worry, I'll be careful.

ASHFORDE: Very well, keep me up to speed on that. Over and out. Yes, what is it, Corporal?
CROFT: (a woman) Sir, something's started happening to our satellite links.
ASHFORDE: What sort of something?
CROFT: We're losing contact with the geostationary satellites for this whole sector, sir. They just seem to be powering down in an expanding circle, with south west England at the centre.

ASHFORDE: When did this start?
CROFT: Couple of minutes ago, sir. It seems to have slowed down now, but there's a blackout shadow the size of Australia up there.
ASHFORDE: Right, you'd better get me the Ministry of Defence.

LUDGATE: I tell you I heard something.
FLINT: You're getting jumpy in your old age, Ludgate. There's nothing here. Come on, let's get back to the laboratory.
LUDGATE: It was like a, a voice.
FLINT: It was probably your friend Doctor Smythe talking to herself in the cellar. Ludgate, we don't have time for this nonsense.
(Cackle.)
LUDGATE: There. What was that?
FLINT: Nothing. Just the wind.
LUDGATE: Well, I'm going to look.
FLINT: Ludgate, that's enough.
LUDGATE: (distant) Well, there doesn't seem to be anything out here. I'm just going to check the
FLINT: Come along, Ludgate. We're short of time as it is. Ludgate?
(Cackle.)
FLINT: Ludgate, is that you?
(Whoosh.)
SANCREDA: So, can this etiolated weakling be the creature that has so tormented me?
FLINT: What, what are you?
SANCREDA: I am Sancreda, he whose power you have sought to make your own.
FLINT: Greetings, Sancreda. I have looked forward to our meeting with eager anticipation.
SANCREDA: But nevertheless, I find you unprepared, do I not? You, who have presumed to draw energy from my psionic field. You, who believe it lies within your puny ambit to harness and drive me like some primitive pack animal. You, who have plotted to ensnare my power at the moment of my resurrection and make me your slave!
FLINT: You misunderstand me, Sancreda. I seek a partnership with you. Together, you and I can rule the people of the world.
SANCREDA: A partnership? Ha! I, enter into partnership with a cowering microbe to preside over the affairs of this trivial planet? Your petty ambitions are of no interest to me. Your drain on my psionic field has already caused me pain, anger, and delay. And now it is time for you to settle your account.
FLINT: What have I to account for? I am Sir Archibald Flint, Thirteenth Baronet. I have only to flick a switch, and you will be my creature.
SANCREDA: Flick a switch. How quaint. I have only to release a psionic pulse (boom!) and you will find that your switches are no longer in any condition to perform their primitive mechanical function.
FLINT: (terrified) Wait. Wait, we can do some sort of a deal.
SANCREDA: I do not speak of deals. I speak only of debts. And yours to me is long overdue.
(Cackling.)
FLINT: No. No! Nooooo!

(Door opens. Long case clock ticking.)
DOCTOR: Anyone home? Hello?
(Dogs bark. Door closes.)
MOYNIHAN: Buster! Ben! Quiet. Buster! Well, Doctor, this is a pleasant surprise.
DOCTOR: Holiday cut short, was it?
MOYNIHAN: You know, don't you.
DOCTOR: Yes, I do. Do you want to tell me about it?
MOYNIHAN: What is there to tell, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I thought perhaps you might like to explain to me exactly why you're doing all this.
MOYNIHAN: Why shouldn't I?
DOCTOR: That's not a terribly good reason, is it?
MOYNIHAN: All my life I've been treated like dirt, Doctor. Deserted by people once they've got what they wanted. Buster and Ben are the only ones who stayed with me, aren't you. Aren't you, eh? (dogs bark) Yes. And then, Sancreda came to me.

DOCTOR: Sancreda? Ah, that's his name, is it? So it's his friendship you're after?
MOYNIHAN: Good golly, no. Friendship's a waste of effort.
DOCTOR: I don't happen to think so myself.
MOYNIHAN: I don't really care what you think.
DOCTOR: So what is it you want?
MOYNIHAN: Revenge, Doctor. It's a nasty word, I know, but there it is. They do say it's a dish best served cold, don't they. There are certain people who have treated me very badly in the past. Now I've been promised that I'll be allowed to give them their comeuppance. And I have to tell you I'm rather looking forward to it.
DOCTOR: You're really a very unhappy person, aren't you.
MOYNIHAN: I don't know what kind of doctor you are, but I can tell you that I don't have any truck with all this namby-pamby modern therapy rubbish, so if I were you I'd just shut up and concentrate on this.
(Gun cocked.)
DOCTOR: It's a back-action hammer Purdey twelve-bore.
MOYNIHAN: So it is. Go on, out the door with you.
DOCTOR: Where are we going?
MOYNIHAN: Back to the Institute, Doctor. We've an appointment to keep. Come on, boys. Walkies.
(Dogs bark.)

MORGAN [OC]: Hello? Anybody here? Hello?
EVELYN: Professor Morgan? Oh, thank goodness. Down here, Professor! I'm in the cellar! Can you unlock the door?
MORGAN [OC]: I think so. Hold on.
(Door unlocked and opened.)
EVELYN: Professor, I've never been so relieved to see anyone.
MORGAN: Oh, my God, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Look, I don't mean to seem an ungrateful damsel in distress, but are you just going to stand there or are you going to untie me?
MORGAN: Of course. I'm sorry. Let's have a look.
EVELYN: Have you seen the Doctor?
MORGAN: Yes, and he's very concerned about some stone you found with a hole in it?
EVELYN: Oh, that thing again.
MORGAN: The Doctor says it's very important we get it to a place of safety. Have you got it?
EVELYN: Not here, no. It's on the windowsill in my bedroom at the Institute. Look, what's been going on? There was the most incredible racket from upstairs just now. I assume it was mad Sir Archibald trying out his latest bit of mumbo-jumbo.
MORGAN: Sir Archibald? You mean you haven't seen. (ropes drop) There, how's that?
EVELYN: Oh, a great relief. Thank you very much. What haven't I seen?
MORGAN: Oh dear. You'd better come upstairs. It's not a pretty sight, I'm afraid.
(Walking up stairs.)
EVELYN: Well, whoever did this had no interest in historic architecture. It's been utterly devastated. Where's Sir Archibald?
MORGAN: He's just over there, foot of the stairs. Well, most of him, anyway.
EVELYN: Oh. And what about Philip?
MORGAN: He's er, in the hall. Look, come on, Evelyn. Let's get out of here. The Doctor should be back at the Institute by now.
EVELYN: Yes. Right. Come on.

BRIGADIER: Very well, Minister. Yes, Goonhilly are keeping me informed. Then we're agreed for time being there's to be no action whatsoever? Yes, I appreciate your concern, sir, but it's been made quite clear to us that the reprisals would be disastrous. Very well, Minister, I'll report back as soon as I can.
(Telephone receiver replaced. Door opens.)
BRIGADIER: Ah, Doctor, there you are at last. Look, the Minister's getting trigger happy, so I suggest you think of something to
(Door closes. Dogs bark.)
BRIGADIER: What's going on?
MOYNIHAN: Just stay where you are, Brigadier. It is loaded.

BRIGADIER: You realise you are committing a number of very serious offences, Mrs Moynihan?
(Moynihan laughs.)
DOCTOR: I'm afraid she's past caring about anything like that, aren't you?
MOYNIHAN: You can blabber away all you like, Doctor. We'll just wait here, nice and comfy.
DOCTOR: (sighs) What are we waiting *for*, exactly?
MOYNIHAN: A rendezvous with a friend of mine.
(Door shuts, footsteps.)
MORGAN: Ah, Doctor. Brigadier. Here we all are, safe and sound.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, thank goodness you're safe. Where on Earth have you been?
EVELYN: It's a long story, Doctor, but I'm glad to be back.
MOYNIHAN: Just move away from him and get over by the wall, Doctor Smythe.
EVELYN: I beg your pardon? What are you waving that gun about for?
MOYNIHAN: I'm afraid you're a little behind the times, dear. You see, the worm has turned. The tea lady is in charge now.
DOCTOR: Oh, I doubt that very much.
MOYNIHAN: I've made a bargain, Doctor. Sancreda is my ally. My business partner, if you like. I've helped him, and he's helping me.
DOCTOR: Now he's on the loose, do you really think Sancreda's going to think twice about you?
MOYNIHAN: Why shouldn't he? We made a deal.
DOCTOR: Rather a one-sided one, by the sound of it. I rather suspect you've bitten off more than you can chew.
MORGAN: I'm afraid the Doctor's right, Mrs Moynihan.
MOYNIHAN: Oh, you can pipe down, Professor. I've had more than enough of your dismissive attitude to me without having to listen to your opinions now.
MORGAN: Oh, but I think you should. As opinions go, mine is a highly informed one.
MOYNIHAN: What are you blethering about?
DOCTOR: I think you'd better move away from the Professor, Mrs Moynihan.
EVELYN: Doctor, what's happening?
BRIGADIER: Professor Morgan.
MORGAN: Professor Morgan is up at the dig. He's been there for several hours now.
EVELYN: What?
MORGAN: He really should have heeded the Doctor's warning, I'm afraid. Poor Professor Morgan. Put up quite a fight in the end, you know. But
(Squelching sounds.)
SANCREDA: Once he had vacated his body I was able to make good use of the physiological imprint.
DOCTOR: I was wondering when we'd finally meet.
SANCREDA: Yes, Doctor. Now you see me as I truly am.
DOCTOR: Very nice.
EVELYN: Doctor, it's the creature that attacked me.
DOCTOR: Not quite. This is the genuine article, I'm afraid. So, your ship's close enough to have assisted cellular reintegration, eh?
SANCREDA: You, Doctor? How can you know so much about my people? You, who exist in irrelevant backwater of galactic space?
DOCTOR: Oh, you'd be surprised, Sancreda. Cornwall's a popular place for tourists.
EVELYN: You rescued me from the cellar. So it was you who
SANCREDA: Yes, it was I who crushed those presumptuous insects at the manor house. How else am I to reward those who seek to enslave me? And you, Doctor Smythe, you were only spared in order that you might lead me to the menantolian induction loop.
EVELYN: The, the what?
MOYNIHAN: The stone you found in the fogou, dear. Go and fetch it for him.
EVELYN: I don't know where it is.
SANCREDA: A pointless lie. You told me it was in this very building. Now, bring it to me or die.
DOCTOR: You'd better go and get it, Evelyn. Go on. No tricks.
EVELYN: Yes, Doctor.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: All right, Sancreda, you've got everything you wanted. You've regenerated yourself, your ship is on its way to pick you up, and we'll hand over the induction loop. Now why don't you

just go in peace?
SANCREDA: Ha! You know nothing of my wishes, Doctor. Nothing. The first of them is that this futile tiny-minded servitor be made to pay for her intolerable importunity.
MOYNIHAN: What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: Oh, leave her alone, Sancreda. She's just a sad old woman. What possible reason can you have to harm her?
SANCREDA: Silence! Who are you that I should give you reasons? This insufferable primitive has told me often enough how these two cringing brutes are her only friends. Let us see then how they respond to a little empathic suggestion.
(Dogs growl.)
MOYNIHAN: What are you doing? Buster, what's wrong?
(Dogs bark.)
MOYNIHAN: Ben, get down. Down, boy. Down!
BRIGADIER: Doctor, what's he doing?
MOYNIHAN: Ben! Ben! Stop. Whatever you're doing, stop! Ah! Oh! Argh!
(Eating sounds.)
SANCREDA: After eighteen thousand years, patience is a quality I possess in abundance, but this feckless woman tried it sorely.
DOCTOR: That's enough, Sancreda. There's no need for this heartless carnage.
SANCREDA: I am swatting at flies, Doctor, nothing more. What do I care for this planet and its pathetic fauna? Soon my ship will be here.
BRIGADIER: And then you'll go?
SANCREDA: Yes, I shall go, but not before there has been final reckoning.
(Footsteps approach.)
EVELYN: Here's your induction thing. Ah!
BRIGADIER: Don't look, Doctor Smythe.
SANCREDA: The induction loop.
(Powering up.)
SANCREDA: The function is unimpaired. Excellent. Now, come, all of you. We must go to the moor. I have an appointment with my brother. Now move or die!

(Beeping.)
SANCREDA: The ship approaches. We shall not have long to wait.
BRIGADIER: Doctor, what do you suppose he meant about a final reckoning?
SANCREDA: It is no secret. Eighteen thousand years ago I was deserted on this planet by the pilot of my survey vessel. My brother Scryfan let me to my fate. For eighteen thousand years I have waited for this moment, and now at long last it approaches.
EVELYN: So when your ship arrives, it'll have your brother in it?
DOCTOR: The other half of the two man crew. And what are you going to do with him?
SANCREDA: He will die, Doctor, very slowly.
DOCTOR: I see. Won't that make it rather difficult for you to escape?
SANCREDA: The vessel is very easily piloted solo, Doctor, as indeed it has been for the last eighteen millennia.
DOCTOR: So that's what all this boils down to, is it? A petty spot of sibling rivalry?
SANCREDA: Petty, Doctor? You call eighteen thousand years of cold, helpless exile petty?
DOCTOR: Doesn't it occur to you as rather strange that he hasn't come back to rescue you before now?
SANCREDA: Scryfan is is no fool, Doctor. He will know what I am thinking.
BRIGADIER: Then why's he coming back at all?
SANCREDA: He has no choice. Deprived of the focussing amplifier I was powerless to act, but once it was returned to me I was able to transmit an imperative recall signal direct to the ship itself. Silence! Listen. He is coming. Scryfan is coming.
(Spaceship engines in the atmosphere.)
BRIGADIER: Shouldn't we take cover, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't think so. It's coming in for a smooth landing.
EVELYN: Well, well. My first spaceship.
BRIGADIER: My first for a good few years, Doctor Smythe.
(Engines power down. Hatch opens.)
SANCREDA: Scryfan! Scryfan! It is I, Sancreda. Come out and show yourself.
EVELYN: What should we do, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Follow him on board, of course. I expect the ceilings will be rather low in there, so mind your heads.
BRIGADIER: Doctor, one of these creatures is bad enough. I don't particularly relish the prospect of meeting another. Why don't we just leave them to it?
DOCTOR: I think you'll find our friend is in for a surprise, Brigadier. Come on.

SANCREDA: Scryfan? Scryfan, you cannot hide from me. Where are you?
DOCTOR: He's not here, Sancreda. Can't you see the ship is empty? You landed it by remote control, didn't you?
SANCREDA: I do not understand. Where is my brother?
DOCTOR: Exactly where he's been all along, I'm afraid. What little remains of him is neatly arranged in a cardboard tray back at the Archaeological Institute.
BRIGADIER: You mean those fragments of animal bone you were looking at?
DOCTOR: I knew they weren't terrestrial the moment I saw them.
EVELYN: Then his brother died here on Earth, all those years ago.
DOCTOR: Without a doubt.
SANCREDA: It is not true. How can he have died here?
DOCTOR: Difficult to tell after all this time, but judging by the charring I'd say he was shot by a heavy impulse laser.
SANCREDA: How could that be, unless
DOCTOR: Was your ship set to take off on automatic recall, Sancreda?
SANCREDA: It was. I was collecting geological samples some distance from the vessel. The atmospheric conditions were worsening. This planet was far colder at that time. I was fighting off primitive carnivores with my blaster

COMPUTER: Five
SANCREDA: Scryfan! Do not leave! Do not abandon me!
(Wolves howl. Blaster fire.)
SANCREDA: Scryfan!
(Spaceship ramp closing.)
COMPUTER: Ignition.
SANCREDA: Scryfan! You have deserted me!
(Spaceship lifts off.)
SCRYFAN: Farewell, my brother.

DOCTOR: Don't you see what happened? In your rush to get back to your ship through the blizzard
BRIGADIER: You shot him yourself.
DOCTOR: He wasn't taking off in the ship, he was keeling over in the snow.
SANCREDA: No. No, it cannot be. You are deceived.
DOCTOR: You're the only one who's deceived, Sancreda. You've spent eighteen thousand years meditating on a pointless revenge. You killed him yourself.
SANCREDA: Very well then, Doctor, so be it. But my revenge will not be empty. My revenge will be on the planet that has been my prison for so long.
DOCTOR: Oh, that's ridiculous. Now you're just lashing out at innocent bystanders.
SANCREDA: Am I, Doctor? Perhaps I am. It is no matter. I shall lift off on manual control and blast this planet from space with the psionic cannon.
DOCTOR: For pity's sake, Sancreda. What will be the good of that?
SANCREDA: Leave me!
EVELYN: It's no use trying to reason with him. His mind's gone completely.
BRIGADIER: How much damage could this ship do, Doctor?
(Power builds up.)
DOCTOR: It draws its energy from the Tregannan gestalt. He could vaporise the Earth if he wants to.
SANCREDA: Thrust chambers cleared for ignition. Countdown procedure activated. Leave me, all of you! Leave the ship!
DOCTOR: I can't allow you to do this, Sancreda.
SANCREDA: Navigation systems cleared and ready. You cannot prevent me, Doctor. Now, I will give you a choice. Am I going to kill you here and now, or are you going to leave the ship and die with your planet?

DOCTOR: It's not my planet, Sancreda, so maybe I'll call your bluff. You can't unleash psionic pulses in a confined environment like this, not while the ship's preparing for lift-off. Far too risky.
SANCREDA: Correct, Doctor. So, if you have no objections, I shall be happy to resort to my hand blaster.
(Energy weapon fired.)
DOCTOR: Evelyn! Brigadier! Get out of here! Come on, jump!

DOCTOR: Don't stop running. We'll take cover down there. You all right?
EVELYN: I'm all right. What about the Brigadier?
DOCTOR: He's still in there?
EVELYN: Brigadier!

(Blast ricochets.)
BRIGADIER: You'll have to do better than that, Sancreda.
SANCREDA: You barbarian fool. You are merely delaying the inevitable. Come out and face me.
BRIGADIER: I've got a better idea. Why don't you come and face *me*?
SANCREDA: Very well, if that is how you choose to die, it will be my pleasure.
(Energy blast. Hand to hand struggle.)
BRIGADIER: I'll say this for you, Sancreda. For a little chap you pack a big punch. As, I'm quite sure, does this.
SANCREDA: Do not attempt to operate my blaster, you imbecile. You will be unable to channel the psionic impulse. The energy release will be enough to destroy the entire ship.
BRIGADIER: If it comes to a choice between the whole world or just you, me, and this ship, Sancreda, I'm very clear where my duty lies.

EVELYN: Doctor, the ramp's closing.
DOCTOR: Just hold tight, Evelyn. Come on, Alistair. What are you playing at?

SANCREDA: You half-witted savage. Do not fire the blaster!
BRIGADIER: I have no intention of doing so, Sancreda, just so long as you lower the ramp and let me off your ship.
SANCREDA: I could destroy you with a single thought.
BRIGADIER: I've no doubt you could, but would you be quick enough to stop me firing this weapon in my death throes? Now, lower the ramp.
SANCREDA: Very well. Why should I not? In less than a minute you and all your kind will be vaporised from space.
(Hydraulics.)
SANCREDA: Go, then. Be gone, and enjoy your final moments of existence.
BRIGADIER: Cheerio!
SANCREDA: Ignition in T minus twenty seconds and counting.

EVELYN: Wait, there he is. He's out!
BRIGADIER: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Brigadier, over here!
(Spaceship lifts off.)
DOCTOR: Oh, you had us worried there, Alistair.
EVELYN: He's getting away. Doctor, what can we do?
BRIGADIER: Count to ten.
EVELYN: What?

SANCREDA: Clear of ionosphere. Target in range. Focal length fixed and locked off. And fire! Goodbye, Doctor.
(Beeping.)
SANCREDA: Malfunction?

BRIGADIER: Eight, nine, ten.
(Distant KaBOOM!)
DOCTOR: Did you see that?

EVELYN: I think so.
DOCTOR: Well, Brigadier?
BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor, unless I'm very much mistaken, Sancreda just blown his ship and himself to Kingdom Come.
EVELYN: How can you be so sure?
BRIGADIER: Because I've got this.
EVELYN: Ah!
DOCTOR: His focussing amplifier.
BRIGADIER: Thought it might do the trick. In my little tussle with Sancreda, I swapped it for your coil of copper wire, Doctor. He was so beside himself by then that I'm afraid he didn't notice.
EVELYN: So what happened?
DOCTOR: Without a directional focus, the power of the psionic cannon had nowhere to go. It just discharged itself on the spot. Very dangerous to meddle with Tregannan technology, you know, Brigadier. You do realise you've just saved the world, don't you?
BRIGADIER: All in a day's work, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, here you are, then. You'd better take charge of this.
BRIGADIER: Why?
DOCTOR: Well, I expect the Athens Central Museum will be wanting it back, won't they?
BRIGADIER: Isn't that rather a dangerous thing to have sitting in a museum?
DOCTOR: Not now that Sancreda is dead. These things are like driving licences.
BRIGADIER: Eh?
DOCTOR: Non-transferable.
BRIGADIER: Ah. Well, why not. Doris and I have been meaning to go to Greece for years.
DOCTOR: I must meet this Doris of yours, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Well, next time you're passing this way. Incidentally, that reminds me.
Where *did* the Tardis disappear to?
EVELYN: I beg your pardon? Disappeared?
DOCTOR: Don't worry, Evelyn. If I'm right, then any moment now
(The Tardis materialises.)
BRIGADIER: Bless my soul.
DOCTOR: She was here all along. It was Sancreda's psionic field that drew us to Lanyon Moor in the first place. Once the Tardis realised the danger, she shifted herself onto a different existential plane before Sancreda could start tampering with her.
BRIGADIER: I see. I think.
DOCTOR: Mmm. She's a clever old thing, the Tardis.
(Pats the Tardis.)
BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor, trouble clearly hasn't stopped following you around.
DOCTOR: Nor you, it seems, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Ah no, I'm not having that. I'm retired. I refuse to take *any* of the blame. At my time of life trouble should be confined to the occasional spot of blackfly on the nasturtiums. All the same
DOCTOR: Yes?
BRIGADIER: It's nice to know we still make a good team, Doctor.
EVELYN: So you two go back a long way, do you?
BRIGADIER: Farther back than I sometimes care to remember, Doctor Smythe.
DOCTOR: You wouldn't believe it, but when I first met Alistair he still had dark hair.
BRIGADIER: So did you, Doctor, from time to time.
EVELYN: Well, this is all very cosy, but can I suggest that there are better places than here to catch up on old times?
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
EVELYN: Doctor, I've had a fairly difficult couple of days. It's coming up to midnight, I'm exhausted, it's freezing cold, and I'm starving hungry. So why don't we ask the Brigadier very politely whether he might be able to use his influence at the pub to wangle us a late supper.
BRIGADIER: It would be my pleasure, Doctor Smythe. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Why not?
BRIGADIER: That's settled, then.
DOCTOR: Lead the way, Brigadier.
EVELYN: Now, this pub. What's the situation on the chocolate puddings front?
BRIGADIER: I don't have much of a sweet tooth, Doctor Smythe. I have to confess I'm more of

a soup man.
DOCTOR: I suppose I am beginning to feel a trifle peckish.